

THE FORTNIGHTLY

AUGUST, 1941

PLANNING POST-WAR EUROPE

I. POLITICAL DEVELOPMENT

THE London Governments of the various States now under Nazi oppression will play an important rôle in reconstruction. It is essential, therefore, that the British public should have some idea of their thoughts and plans. With this object in view THE FORTNIGHTLY has instituted, in co-operation with the Governments concerned, a new feature which begins with this number. The first article of the series aims at presenting the authoritative opinions of some of these Governments on the future political developments in their States. It should, however, be added that such statements do not in any way bind the Governments concerned.

This feature is edited for THE FORTNIGHTLY by Mr. J. EMLYN WILLIAMS, for fourteen years foreign correspondent of The Christian Science Monitor in different parts of Europe.

The Editor.

The war has yet to be won, but even now a general line of development is ascertainable on the assumption that the British and Allied forces will be triumphant and that the Governments operating here in London will control their respective States in the resettlement period. It is apparent that the leaders do not envisage an abandonment of democratic principles, though they do emphasize the need for a strong executive which shall limit the defects of excessive individualism.

Let us take the case of Holland. The Dutch constitution worked well before the German invasion and it is probable that it will remain more or less the same when conditions are normal once more.

There are, however, some defects which should be remedied in the post-war State and attention must be paid to changes which are being brought about during this war. The relations between the legislative assemblies and the

Then came the Partitions of Poland. But throughout the 19th century the Polish nation continued the struggle for liberty. When it achieved it in 1918, the political rebuilding of the State followed closely that of the Poland of by-gone days. But the Polish Constitution of 1921 stressed too much the liberty of the individual and took too little account of the urgent necessity for a strong and an efficient executive. This led after a few years to a coalition of the moderates in Parliament which demanded a programme of reforms. These efforts, however, were frustrated by Pilsudski's *coup d'état* in 1926.

For after appearing to agree to the proposals of the Opposition, Pilsudski in defiance of the Constitution, soon introduced arbitrary government. Then, when he had secured a docile majority in Parliament by manipulating two successive elections, the Marshal enforced his new Constitution dated April 23, 1925.

It may be of interest to note that a large section of Polish public opinion never recognized this Constitution and many were definitely opposed to it. Nevertheless, following on Poland's defeat in September, 1939, this Constitution is now observed by the whole nation which wishes to ensure thereby the legal continuity of the Polish State as represented by the President of the Republic and the Government now in London. But certain sections which contravene the national sense of justice are in abeyance. Thus, on November 30, 1939, President Raczkiewicz renounced the right to act independently and agreed that he and his successor would exercise discretionary powers in co-operation with the Prime Minister.

The Pilsudski Constitution must be changed after the war since it sanctions a system of arbitrary government only thinly disguised under the cloak of a spurious legality. The Government may act as it pleases, the legislative powers of Parliament are a mere formality, and Parliamentary control of finance, foreign policy, and matters appertaining to the army, navy, and air force, are rendered illusory. The will of the Administration determines the composition of the legislative Chambers and the principle of responsible government and the rule of law have been undermined. There are many Poles who maintain that their country's defeat in so short a time is partially ascribable to these Constitutional defects.

Post-war Poland will, therefore, have no room for any form of government which is not supported by public opinion, subject to Parliamentary control, and having constitutional responsibilities. Parliament must be the genuine representative of the

vill of the people and civic liberties and equality before the law must be safeguarded.

The future form of government in Poland may also have repercussions throughout eastern Europe. It may facilitate the realization of a number of projects now under discussion, such as the formation of co-operating groups of nations, linked together by geographical conditions, historical ties, and community of political and economic interests.

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As for Czechoslovakia, it prefaces its view with the note that far-reaching post-war economic, political, and social changes will greatly affect the conditions in the future Czechoslovakia Europe. No nation will be in the position to arrange its affairs and fate according to its own exclusive wishes; it will have to take account of the interests and needs of the whole Continent if not of the world.

Nevertheless, it is anticipated that Czechoslovakia will be reconstructed and as a Republic. For the restoration of monarchy, Habsburg or non-Habsburg, is considered impossible. Czechoslovakia may be a member of some federation—either of a broad European federation, or of some smaller Central European federation, for which the present negotiations between the Polish and the Czechoslovak Governments in London could provide a suitable basis. This State will be ready to surrender as much of its political and economic sovereignty as other States—but certainly no more.

It is premature to speak in detail about the future frontiers. But permanent peace in Europe after the war demands the restoration of Czechoslovak unity, in a future state not differing greatly from the Czechoslovakia of pre-Munich days. Some modification of former boundaries will be possible, and agreement with its neighbours on this matter should not present undue difficulties.

Czechoslovakia was a State with national minorities. In this respect it did not differ much from other States in Central Europe, where it is impossible to draw a precise and straightforward line of demarcation between one ethnographic territory and another. It can hardly be expected that this state of affairs will substantially change. But by modifying frontiers and transferring populations, it should be possible to reduce the size of its minorities and to make Czechoslovakia ethnographically a more homogenous State. Hitler has shown that large-scale transfers of populations are possible. It is interesting to note that at the end of the last war, H. Bernard Lavergne,

a French political thinker, suggested the application of this method, but his proposal was rejected by the Peace Conference as impracticable. It can also be assumed that even within the State a certain amount of migration will take place, since after the experiences of recent years Czechoslovakia cannot tolerate the existence of non-Czechoslovak "islands" in the midst of their territory. Such modifications will, however, not greatly alter the basic structure of the Czechoslovak State. Several years before Hitler's advent the problem of national minorities had played a much smaller part in Czechoslovakia than is generally assumed. In fact, at the time when Germany launched its attack there were good hopes that this problem would be solved.

A definite adjustment of the relations between the Czech and Slovak branches of the Czechoslovak nation must be postponed until the majority of the Czechs and the majority of the Slovaks in the liberated country can decide for themselves. Such a solution, to be successful, must promote a harmonious co-operation on the basis of complete equality of rights. Both Czechs and Slovaks have learned a great deal from past events. Never was the idea of Czechoslovak unity more popular in Slovakia than it is now—in the so-called "free" Slovak State, where the idea of a united Czechoslovakia is being punished by imprisonment. On the other hand, the Czechs will not be disposed unduly to stress certain centralistic forms of Governments, in which they formerly saw a guarantee of State unity.

The republican and democratic form of the Czechoslovak State as it existed in the period from 1918 to 1938 satisfied, in the main, the requirements of the State and was capable of suitable development. But, like other European countries, Czechoslovakia must supplement its political, by a broader socio-economic democracy. Europe will require a purposeful economic organization, and it goes without saying that this new organization will have to be democratic,—quite unlike the German brand of New Order!

It will not be possible, however, simply to renew the old social conditions with all their inequalities as they existed before the war. Equal opportunities for all at the beginning of an individual's career and an extension of the collectivistic principle in the economic life of the State and municipalities are minimum demands which will have to be satisfied. Economic and social changes will, in their turn, probably exercise a certain influence on politics, administration, etc. Czechoslovakia before September, 1938, was a people's State, based on the broad

masses. In future it will have to be a people's State to an even greater extent, and not tolerate those abuses which result from economic and social privileges.

The re-establishment of the democratic régime in Czechoslovakia is accepted unquestioningly by its citizens here in London. At the same time, it is generally agreed that certain obvious defects in its political structure must be set right. The Czechoslovak régime was, on the whole, a régime of disciplined democracy, based on strong political parties, which left to the individual less scope for free decision than in Great Britain. As an instance of this may be mentioned the rigid system of voting for party lists, instead of for individual candidates. This system corresponded partly to the character of the nation and partly to the needs of the new republic. Czechoslovakia, newly-founded, surrounded by enemies, and not yet fully consolidated, had to be constantly on its guard. On the negative side, the controlling power of the political parties led to frequent abuses and to the creation of new political parties, the existence of which could hardly be justified. In a reconstructed Czechoslovakia, the number of parties will be smaller, even though such simplification of party politics as can be seen in Great Britain or the United States of America cannot be expected. It is also probable that the individual, in his own political party, will be less tied by excessive discipline and will have greater freedom to express his political will.

The pre-1939 Republic also suffered from excessive administrative centralization. The founders of the Republic had precisely the opposite ideal in mind—communal self-government on broad lines, regional and district autonomy. But the political development of the Republic proceeded in the contrary direction, and the original conception, embodied even in the statutes, was finally abandoned and replaced by a conception of centralization.

It is true that there was provincial self-government—the Republic was divided into four provinces, Bohemia, Moravia, Slovakia, and Carpathian Ruthenia—but even this had not been adequately constituted. Bureaucratic influences were too marked as against the influences of self-government. Here it would be advisable to effect reforms on British and American models, and it is hoped that the influence of Anglo-American democracy will be in evidence in many spheres of the restored Czechoslovakia.

The Czechoslovak democracy, during the 20 years of its independent existence, felt like a besieged fortress in the middle

of Central Europe. This dictated, to a large extent, its political structure. Germany's defeat must result in the national existence and democratic régime of the smaller nations bordering on Germany being better safe-guarded than before.

(The second article will deal with the ideas of some of these Governments on the important problem of the future political settlement of Europe as a whole. They are being invited to state what basic changes, if any, they consider essential to the establishment of real European understanding, to discuss the place of the small nations in the post-war era, and to express their views on co-operation through some system of blocs, federalism, a revised League of Nations, etc.)

THE WAY THROUGH

BY WICKHAM STEED

A MONTH hence the war will be two years old. A year ago the world believed we were on the eve of destruction. It believes this no longer. Where shall we stand in another twelvemonth?

A year ago circumstances compelled us to think only of the near future. Now they compel us to look forward. The past, recent and less recent, offers many warnings but little positive guidance on the path we should tread. We are groping our way into new dimensions of national and international life. They are shaping us; we cannot altogether shape them. Yet, by timely forethought, we may turn them to good account.

The war may still last long or it may reach its end sooner and more suddenly than many anticipate. For lack of forethought in the last great war we were not ready for peace when the fighting ceased. In September, 1918, we and our Allies were preparing for another winter in the trenches and for a possibly victorious offensive in the spring of 1919. Even Foch misjudged the outlook. The "Cease Fire" sounded along the Danube on November 3, and in the West on November 11. It took us by surprise.

The next two months were wasted. Nobody seemed to have reflected that huge armies, unwanted for further fighting, would wish to go home and would have to be demobilized. A general election was needlessly held in Great Britain; and even after President Wilson reached Europe on December 13, 1918, he journeyed from place to place while the European situation got out of hand. When the Allied and Associated Governments finally gathered in Paris in mid-January, 1919, they were confronted by forces they could not control. They had not even studied the procedure of peace-making. What ought to have been a short conference to settle preliminaries, and to establish a competent organization to work out conditions of final peace, became a long-drawn-out wrangle between delegations insulated in Paris hotels, with armed sentries to guard them from each other. At last the Versailles Treaty was put together as a portentous piece of patchwork. The marvel is that it was not far worse.

When this war ends, the business of peace-making must be neither hurried nor bungled. Upon the way the job is done the future well-being of Europe will depend and, perhaps, the future freedom of Great Britain. This war has already proved that British freedom and European well-being are inseparable. It has also proved that the British Commonwealth, in fundamental agreement and co-operation with the United States, is essential to the world's welfare. Nothing should be suffered to impair these safeguards. On the other hand even the appearance of Anglo-Saxon dictation or domination must be carefully avoided. This war against German world-mastery might be lost in the long run were peace to be made in such a way as to give a colourable pretext for stealthy or open revolt against Anglo-Saxon world-mastery. Far-sighted and forbearing co-ordination of the forces of freedom should be our aim; and, in pursuit of this aim, we shall need a strong sense of trusteeship, and patient adjustment of the claims of national independence to the realities of international interdependence.

What Europe will look like when Nazi Germany has been overthrown none of us can judge; but some may guess what Europe will not look like. It will not resemble the Europe of August, 1939. Since mid-June, 1940, a vacuum, such as Nature is said to abhor, has been created by the collapse of France. We still trust that "Free France," under the leadership of General de Gaulle, will again take an honoured place in continental Europe. Yet it is clear that the other nations upon whom Nazi Germany has trampled will not readily forget the treason of Vichy France. General de Gaulle and his gallant band are striving and fighting to regain for their country some measure of the esteem and admiration it formerly inspired in the greater part of Europe. If, at a propitious moment, the bulk of the French people actively support the Free French cause, past shortcomings may be forgiven or overlooked. But, as a foremost partizan of General de Gaulle has foretold, the behaviour of the Men of Vichy may long be a cause of profound and passionate division in France. Something deeper than a temporary loss of nerve must have prompted the grovelling renunciation, the almost voluptuous wallowing in dishonour, which marked and followed the military, political and moral surrender of Marshal Pétain and his associates. Deliberately and consciously they repudiated the legacy of the French Revolution of 1789 with its Declaration of the Rights of Man, and all the principles which the makers of the Third Republic vindicated in the critical hour known to Frenchmen as the

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Seize Mai, 1877. Similar principles were at stake in the Dreyfus Affair which, at the turn of the century, brought France to the verge of civil war. Then the "Dreyfusards" triumphed over the forces of "reaction." Now the behaviour of the Men of Vichy has been shrewdly defined as "the revenge of the anti-Dreyfusards." Evidently the roots of "reaction" in France lie deeper and are stronger than there seemed valid reason to suppose.

Recognition of this fact does not imply doubt whether France can rise again. It implies only a possibility that even a France reborn would not at once hold as a united, enlightened and progressive nation the position she formerly held, or enjoy the same prestige. Upon Europe the effects of this change may be the more profound because nothing can exactly replace the influence of French culture and intellectual eminence upon many, perhaps most, European nations. In many quarters closer contact will doubtless be sought with Great Britain, the United States and the English-speaking world. The weight and latent power of Russia, not perhaps of a Russia aggressively Communist yet enjoying new consideration and respect in Europe and Asia, will lie in the background, at least, of post-war Europe. Italy and Germany, demoralized, misled and financially ruined, will hardly become constructive influences within a calculable future. Poland and Czechoslovakia, Norway, Belgium and Holland, Greece and Yugoslavia, having saved their souls, will need to rebuild their fortunes from the ground up. They will be entitled to rank as the moral equals of the members of the British Commonwealth and of the United States. But upon all of them, as upon Britain and the English-speaking world, will weigh the unsolved problem of Germany; and their joint treatment of this problem may well determine the winning of the peace for freedom after Hitler and Nazi Germany, together with Fascist Italy, have lost the war.

We need now to bend our thoughts to the German problem. Many have preconceived notions about it though few understand it. In an aggravated form it is the same problem with which the Allied and Associated Powers were faced in November, 1918. Then the idea that Germany might suddenly crack up and surrender had hardly entered their minds, and the British, at any rate, were too conscious of the narrowness of their escape from a German victory in the spring of 1918 not to be lighthearted at the passing of a mortal danger. So they dealt with their problem superficially instead of setting themselves to solve it thoroughly. They must do better next time

if another great war is not to complete the ruin of Europe twenty or thirty years hence.

Possibilities, which may or may not be probabilities, have to be reckoned with. Imperial Hohenzollern Germany was more securely founded than is the Germany of Hitler. The late German Emperor began the war of 1914 with the enthusiastic support of a practically unanimous people. Save for the first great defeat on the Marne, which was hidden from them, the Germans were fed on victory after victory from the late summer of 1914 to the early summer of 1918. Nevertheless they broke and collapsed, cast out their Emperor and sued for peace, as soon as defeat stared them in the face. So it may be again. The thought of 1918 haunts German minds. Competent neutral observers bear witness to the apathy of the German public towards Hitler's sweeping and resounding victories; and Nazi journals have been demanding drastic measures to check the spread of an indifference which is akin to despondency. One reason for Hitler's attack upon Russia may have been the necessity of persuading his people that swift triumph in the East would be the prelude to that "radical solution of the war in the West" which, as he announced, his General Staff could not vouch for until the Russian menace had been dispelled.

If so, the sturdy Russian resistance, coupled with the heavy British air raids on Germany, may turn despondency into active despair. True though it be that the elements of revolt among the German masses are fewer and weaker than they were in the autumn of 1918, and that criminal desperadoes like Hitler, Goering and Himmler might carry terrorism to extreme lengths when they feel the halters tighten round their necks, we ought not to overlook the chance that the professional heads of the German military machine may be unwilling to stand by Hitler to the last. If Ludendorff and Hindenburg discarded William of Hohenzollern, their "All-Highest War Lord" to whom they had sworn fidelity unto death, it is not inconceivable that their successors today would be as willing to discard Hitler and his gangsters whose claim upon their loyalty is less sacrosanct. They may try to save themselves, and German militarism, by such a manœuvre—as Ludendorff tried to manœuvre in October, 1918, until President Wilson flatly refused to be his dupe. In any event the first fruits of an obvious deadlock on the Russian front would be likely to take the form of tentative overtures for peace, such as those which Mr. Anthony Eden foreshadowed in his speech at Leeds on

July 5. Of the rejection of such overtures there is no room for doubt. Mr. Eden said:—

We anticipate that Hitler, at a moment he considers opportune during his campaign in Russia, will seek to present himself in another of his occasional theatrical rôles. This time his make-up will be that of the man of peace. Internal conditions in Germany may make this false posturing necessary for him, for a spell. He will offer smooth assurances and specious promises in the hope of liming some foolish birds.

It might therefore be useful that I should now declare the position of His Majesty's Government in respect of any peace offer by Hitler. The head of the German State stands condemned by his own deeds as a man of perjured faith. We are not in any circumstances prepared to negotiate with him at any time on any subject. We shall intensify our war effort until he and all he stands for are utterly destroyed. There is no room on the earth's surface for Hitler's way of life and ours.

So far, so good. Mr. Eden spoke on the morrow of a confused and highly unsatisfactory debate in the House of Commons upon "propaganda." His own speech at Leeds, like the statement broadcast by the Prime Minister on the evening of Hitler's offensive against Russia, was propaganda of the best kind because it defined and foreshadowed policy. The plain truth about propaganda—a truth so plain that few minds seem able to grasp its subtler implications—is that propaganda has no value except as the exponent of policy. Had this truth been grasped by the original organizers of the Ministry of Information, much money and more misdirected effort would have been saved. The necessary, though subsidiary, work of distributing news and information to the public at home and abroad could have been more modestly done by a smaller body with greater efficacy. In the last war our propaganda made no headway until Lord Northcliffe, as the newly-appointed Director of Propaganda in enemy countries, submitted for the approval of the War Cabinet in February, 1918, an outline of policy which he had instructed me to draft. I drafted it in a few hours because I and others had been working on it for years with the help of British and French experts and in consultation with men of insight and experience like Professor Masaryk, Dr. Benesh, Dr. Roman Dmowski, Dr. Trumbitch and others. It was based on precise knowledge of many complicated factors. Yet its object was quite simple—to strike at the weakest spot of the enemy in a very critical hour. That weakest spot was then the cohesion of the Austro-Hungarian army. The blow had to be so aimed as to yield the greatest possible disruptive effect while opening a way for

future construction. The disruptive effect was obtained; and only the unreadiness of the Allied Governments to follow up the opening by constructive work deprived this policy of its maximum usefulness.

In the present war we may be more fortunately placed. Nobody doubts that Hitler and Hitlerism must be destroyed. Though, in the last war, everybody who could distinguish realities from appearances knew that the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy was doomed, the Allied Governments could not be persuaded that a separate peace with the Habsburgs was an idle dream and that the only sound and constructive Allied policy would be to work first for the liberation and then for the constructive co-ordination of the peoples subject to Habsburg and, indirectly, to German sway. Not until Ludendorff's offensive had broken through the British lines in France and Flanders, towards the end of March, 1918, and an Austro-Hungarian offensive was due to begin against a shaky Allied front in Italy, could London and Paris be induced to sanction this policy. Propaganda on the basis of it then began with shattering results. But as neither the British, French, nor Italian Governments followed it up by positive work, what came to be called the "Balkanization" of Central and South Eastern Europe was inevitable.

To-day, as in 1918, we need a disruptive-constructive policy both as a basis for propaganda and as a considered definition of the British and Allied purpose. Yet until Mr. Eden spoke at Leeds on July 5 there had been little sign that this need was recognized and that steps were being taken to meet it. After declaring that we shall not negotiate with Hitler in any circumstances at any time on any subject he added:—

But while we repel any offer of Hitler's we must ourselves begin to look ahead. While fighting the hated New Order imposed on their European victims by Hitler and his Gestapo, we must begin to fashion a truly new order for Europe, for ourselves, and for all who freely join it.

It is our privilege to be the hosts and comrades in arms of all those nations assembled on British soil who have experienced the tyranny and oppression of the enemy. It is not in Berlin or Rome that we see the making of a new Europe, not in the meetings of the arch-tyrant Hitler, and his satellite, Mussolini, not in the comings and goings between Vichy and Paris, not in the visits of the Quislings to hear the orders of their master. It is here in Britain that we must lay the foundations of a new Europe. We have made a beginning with this task at the meetings of the Allied Governments in London. It is our intention to persist in this work and to develop it, informing fully at every step the great republic of the United States, upon whom the future of mankind so much depends.

Here we have the broad elements of a policy. As regards Germany it is disruptive in its declaration that we will never negotiate with Hitler or Hitlerism. As regards Europe, and eventually Germany, it is constructive in announcing the creation of a "truly new order." In both of these purposes the United States will concur. The earliest beginnings of an effort to create a truly new order can already be seen in the decision of the Polish and Czechoslovak Governments to enter into a federative relationship between their liberated countries; in the meetings of the Allied Governments in London which Mr. Eden mentioned; and in the approach to a Russo-Polish agreement that has been made under British auspices. It may be an open question whether these weighty matters should be from the outset handled by the Foreign Office separately with each of the Allied Governments or whether there should not be set up an unofficial British Committee or Council which could, in the first instance, examine them frankly with the Allied Governments both singly and jointly so as to produce at least the draft of a co-ordinated policy for the eventual approval of the Foreign Office and of the War Cabinet. I have always favoured the formation of an unofficial British Committee with perhaps, for the time being, American members in the capacity of observers; for I am not sure that direct official negotiation between the Foreign Office and the various Allied Governments would be likely to yield the speediest and the most comprehensive results. When any Government negotiates officially with a foreign Government its natural tendency is to put forward maximum claims, even if such claims are known to clash with the claims of other Governments, whereas in unofficial negotiation more elasticity and a sweeter reasonableness may prevail. I cannot forget the impatient exclamation of President Wilson at the Paris Peace Conference when delegation after delegation from Central and South Eastern Europe, including Italy, laid before him maps of what they thought their rightful territorial demands. "Gentlemen," he said, "I beg of you: Bring me maps that do not overlap!" It is far better for overlapping maps and other conflicting material to be pruned and adjusted in unofficial intercourse than for them to become the subject of official negotiation from the outset.

Whatever course be followed the main features of our "truly new order" ought to be outlined without avoidable delay. Not only should they serve as a powerful instrument of propaganda but they will help to bring home to the German people the kind

of choice that will lie before it. Should it choose to stand by Hitler and Nazism to the bitter end, it cannot hope to qualify for admission to our new order on anything like a footing of equality for many a long year. The common interest of Europe and of the United States will demand that Germany be rendered powerless again to crush and enslave neighbouring peoples or to seek the domination of the world. While no mere repudiation of Hitler at the twelfth hour could be accepted as evidence of a change of heart in Germany, a determined German effort to overthrow him, to punish him and his fellow criminals for their crimes, and to redress, in so far as this may be feasible, the wrongs done to others, might count as an extenuating circumstance in what is now the collective guilt of an unregenerate nation. I think this choice should be plainly put before the German people. No promises or misleading suggestions should be made. It should be clearly intimated that Germans must work out their own salvation; and that the degree in which they may hope to share in the new life of a free Europe will be governed by the proof they give of their worthiness to share it. We dare not run the risk of deluding ourselves, Europe and the world by acting on the assumption that there already exists, behind or beneath the Germany of the Nazis, another and better Germany ready to emerge as soon as Hitler and Hitlerism have been destroyed. It is for the Germans themselves to prove this over a sufficient length of time, not for us to assume it for sentimental reasons or on what might turn out to be totally inadequate grounds.

We have not yet won the war. With the help of the United States and of Russia we shall win it. When this will be we cannot tell. Meanwhile we must begin the process of creating conditions for lasting peace in a Europe and a world which we, with our Allies and Associates, shall have saved for freedom. Despite many urgent warnings we were not prepared for war. We wasted precious years in futile attempts at "appeasement," and are still paying heavily for our orgy of fuddled sentimentality in that "Rake's Progress." We must not be unprepared for the longer and harder work of peace; and we must tell Germany and the world that we are resolved to see this work through. There is no way round or over or under so mighty a business. There is only a way through, and this way we must follow with resolute tread for decades to come.

INDIAN POLITICS AND THE WAR

BY SIR WILLIAM P. BARTON

WHATEVER its critics may say of the India Act of 1935 there can be no question that it represents a sincere and determined effort on the part of the British Parliament to meet the claim of a comparatively minute intelligentsia to rule a vast country with a population of nearly 400 millions, over 90 per cent. illiterate peasantry, to whom politics was a mere name. That some restrictions on complete autonomy were, in existing conditions, inevitable, hardly admits of challenge.

The fate of this great piece of legislation will be examined in the course of this article. At the outset it is worth while to scrutinize briefly the credentials of those who claim to rule India. Interest in politics in that country is practically confined to the educated classes—at the outside barely one per cent. of the population of British India, still less if the States are included of whom the great majority are Hindus. The political intelligentsia is of recent origin, mainly the product of the Indian university system. The English language has alone made it possible for the politician to overcome the obstacle of linguistic differences. Lawyers, professional men generally, bankers, industrialists, journalists, the scholastic profession, government servants, unemployed university men—all, by the way, the indirect product of western civilization—and a proportion of Hindu landowners: these form the majority of the Indian political world. The Muslims, left behind in the race for government appointments, which usually meant a university education, have not added greatly to its numbers, though many Muslims share with Hindus a desire for Home Rule. They, however, agree that it is essential that India should remain within the orbit of the British empire.

Political India has no traditions of military service, nor can it point to any great achievement in the public interests. It has had little political experience; it is mainly urban and has never been in touch with the peasantry except through the Hindu moneylender. Of recent years, however, Congress, the

leading political party, has made a strong effort to win over the countryside, and in most important villages there is a Congress committee, inciting the peasant against everything British and promising Utopia in return for his vote, a matter of importance when one considers that the peasant vote is close on 30 millions.

The only political group in India equipped with an efficient party machine and adequate finances is the Congress, which is predominantly Hindu, though claiming a national status. It refused to accept the reforms embodied in the Act of 1935, but nevertheless contested the election of 1937, obtaining majorities in seven out of the eleven provinces of British India. It finally decided to take office, while making it clear that it did so, not to work the Act but to strengthen its position for a further attack on his Majesty's government, with the object of extorting complete independence. The only real opposition it had to face came from the Muslims who, by virtue of the communal award, were able to form governments in Bengal, Sindh and the Punjab. In the North West Frontier province the Muslim majority went over to Congress and formed a Congress ministry.

In view of its declared policy it is hardly surprising that Congress methods in office were anything but democratic. The High Command, appointing and dismissing ministries, dictated policy; provincial Congress committees claimed the right to supervise the administration; local committees interfered in the districts, especially with subordinate officials and the police. In some provinces collectors were instructed to consult local Congressmen. As was only to be expected in such conditions the morale of the services rapidly deteriorated. Minority groups, especially the Muslims, complained that their interests were consistently overridden. Congress methods were in fact described as totalitarian, not only by their opponents but by Hindu politicians as patriotic as Congressmen themselves. The Gandhian policy of establishing Hindustani as the universal language of India met with opposition both from Muslims, and Hindus of Madras, to whom it was completely foreign. Muslims criticized provincial governors for refusing to intervene on their behalf; the safeguards devised in minority interests were, they asserted, a mere farce.

What the Congress party most object to in the India Act is the position in the federation assigned to the Princes. It was in their view an outrage that autocracy should have a voice in the counsels of a democratic India. Autocracy must be destroyed. To achieve this the High Command organized

non-violent " attacks on the States, dispatching large bodies of its supporters to offer *satyagraha* (passive resistance) to authority and to promote agitation. Widespread disturbances, involving loss of life, were the result of their activities, notably in the best administered States, Mysore, Travancore and Hyderabad. Opposed by firm and conciliatory measures the agitation finally collapsed. The Princes, alarmed at the Congress threat to their constitutional position, claimed that the safeguards should be strengthened, a claim his Majesty's government were not prepared to admit. All this has delayed federation.

However defective the India Act from the Congress point of view, the fact that it permitted it to govern the greater part of India (it had formed a coalition ministry in an eighth province, Assam) gave it such an enhanced sense of its political importance that it claimed to speak with the authentic voice of India. As the British Empire drifted into war Congress put forward the strongest criticism of British foreign policy. Lack of moral fibre on the part of Britain had, in its view, encouraged the aggressiveness of Japan, Italy and Germany; she had been false to her democratic principles in declining to support the Republic of Spain. Congress would not allow India to be exploited in an imperialist war without her consent. If Eire could stand out, why not India?

The High Command made the association of India in the war a pretext for withdrawing its ministries from the eight provinces. The real reason was that it was manœuvring for position. The party was threatened with disruption as a result of internal differences arising largely from a pronounced drift towards constitutionalism. The left wing was clamouring for an offensive against the British government; the right, under the influence of the capitalists, on whose financial support the party mainly depended, preferred a cautious policy. The crisis in Europe would weaken the British position in India; in opposition Congress might extort what it wanted by pointing a pistol at the head of the Indian government. An invitation from the Viceroy to join a war cabinet was contemptuously rejected. Later Congress itself put forward an offer. It would join a government formed by a cabinet of non-official Indians responsible to the present Central Legislative Assembly, urged of its official and nominated elements. In other words, the government would be Congress. It would resume office in the provinces. It would only defend India; it would not help Britain. After the war the future scheme of government would

be settled by Constituent Assembly elected by universal suffrage.

The fierce opposition of the Muslims to Congress was, of itself, sufficient to rule the acceptance of such a proposition out of court. Congress administration in the provinces had everywhere antagonized Muslim minorities almost to the limits of endurance; there would be civil war, Muslim leaders declared, if Congress resumed office. Democracy was dead in India; so was the Act of '35. Muslim interests could only be safeguarded by the setting up of separate Muslim States in North and Central India.

The fact that Muslims are the backbone of the Indian Army would have added to the danger of the experiment. With a Congress government in charge of defence, Muslim troops would no longer have been reliable. Only a great British army could have kept Congress in its place. Like Congress, Muslims refused to join the war cabinet, the reason being that only two seats were assigned to them out of eleven; they would accept nothing less than half.

The sixty million outcastes ascribed their economic degradation to the caste Hindus. At the Round Table Conference they claimed separate electorates: this was granted. Mr. Gandhi objected to the concession. The outcastes must stand with the Hindus and strengthen the Hindu position. Through the moral pressure of a fast and lavish promise of the removal of untouchability, he induced the outcaste leaders to agree that their representatives should be chosen by joint Hindu and outcaste electorates. The outcastes were given slightly increased representation at the expense of the Hindus. The result at the polls was that the majority of the outcaste representatives were elected on the Congress ticket, a fact which contributed largely to the Congress victory. Once in office Congress forgot its promises; Congress ministries went still further and checked any attempt by the outcastes at political self-expression. On one occasion in Madras outcaste members were told to vote down a bill for temple entry. Experience of such treatment has determined the outcastes to re-assert their claim to separate electorates.

Further evidence of the lack of a spirit of compromise in Congress psychology is afforded by the strong opposition to Congress rule in Madras of the Justice party, composed mainly of non-Brahmin Hindus. This party under the scheme of reform introduced in 1920 was given separate electorates because of its fear of Brahmin influence. As a result it held

office for over a dozen years. The concession of separate electorates was withdrawn in 1935; the non-Brahmins now insist on its being granted afresh. They go still further and demand that the great unwieldy presidency of Madras be split up into Dravidian provinces as a safeguard against what they describe as the Brahmin imperialism of Congress.

It is unquestionable that the working of the Act in Congress provinces has been unsatisfactory from the point of view of the minorities, especially the Muslims. On the other hand Hindu minorities in Muslim-ruled provinces are equally critical of the administration. In Sindh, for example, there was an outburst of Muslim fanaticism which the Hindus describe as a reign of terror; to avoid the danger thousands of Hindus migrated to the Punjab; "abolish the Act, or re-absorb Sindh in Bombay" was the remedy they demanded. The Hindus of Bengal are, if anything, more emphatic. The tone and temper of the Muslim administration is, they assert, against their community. There have been serious Hindu-Muslim clashes. The situation was so dangerous that the governor felt it necessary to summon a peace conference. Even in the Punjab, where prominent Hindus share the government, there is much unrest among the Hindu community.

Congress rule has widened the breach between Muslim and Hindu till it seems almost unbridgeable, thereby greatly complicating the Indian problem. How different the position might have been if it had accepted the principle of a British partnership with Hindu and Muslim which underlay the India Act, a principle designed to promote the unity without which a democratic India is a mere figment of the imagination. Hindu politicians, as anxious as Congress that India should reach her full political stature, admit that the Act gave substance to the Indian dream of Home Rule; had Congress chosen to work it in the spirit in which it was framed; had it conciliated the Muslims and the Princes it might in two or three years have climbed to power at the Centre and ruled the whole of India. Its example of conciliation would have been followed by the Muslims. But Mr. Gandhi and Congress preferred their own methods to the Act, methods which unquestionably bear little resemblance to democracy.

The facts as set forth point inevitably to the conclusion that the Act of 1935 has so far been a failure. This is recognized by the British Government, at least to the extent that it has announced its readiness to re-shape the Act after the war in accordance with Indian opinion. Where does the responsi-

bility lie for this disappointing result? Hindu politicians generally place it on the British Government. The Muslim view is much the same, since Muslim's hold that, in passing the India Act, his Majesty's Government handed over its friends the Muslims bound hand and foot to the Hindus, which in itself made the Act impossible. Congress has not lost the opportunity of proclaiming to the world—and especially in America and Europe—the baseness and hypocrisy of imperial Britain in holding the Indian nation in bondage while professing to fight for democracy against despotism. The British reluctance to transfer power is explained by the fixed determination of Britain to exploit India; with power in Indian hands she would lose her Indian markets and her predominant place in the economic life of the country. In defence of her position Britain has fomented the quarrel between Hindu and Moslem; she throws her ægis over autocracy in the States to preserve princely India as a bulwark against the tide of popular resentment. Can Muslim contumacy, can princely despotism be allowed to hold up Indian progress for ever?

What is the reply to this indictment? In the first place it hardly needs demonstration that Congress considers the Indian nation as identical with itself. Muslims, on the other hand, deny that there is an Indian nation; they claim a separate nationality for themselves. Their view has the support of the Hindu Mahasabha, the militant party of orthodox Hinduism, which claims that the Hindus are a nation apart; the non-Brahmin Dravidians of Madras put forward a similar claim; Congress, in view of the treatment it has accorded to the out-castes, can hardly stand forth as their spokesman.

Is it possible to argue that Britain did not cede power when in every province minorities have strongly protested against the abuse of authority by the governments set up under the Act of '35? Moreover the working of the Act has proved the necessity of the safeguards. As regards economic exploitation, the British have a strong case; it is however impossible to develop it in full within the limits of this article. British brains and capital have played a leading part in winning for India the eighth place among the industrial nations of the world. And practical independence in the economic sphere was conceded to India twenty years ago. All this has been to India's benefit.

It would be absurd to deny that the deepening of the hatred between Muslim and Hindu has been caused by recent experiments in democracy in India. Britain may be responsible for these experiments, but the responsibility was incurred in good

faith in the hope that the result would be to bring Hindus and Moslems together. That hope was shattered by Congress. There is some indirect support for the British Government in the attitude of non-Congress Hindu politicians who criticize Congress policy in its abandonment of office and in its campaign against supporting Britain in the war. And is there any country in the world to-day where freedom of the press and platform is allowed in the midst of a life-and-death struggle to the extent that it is in India?

Is there any hope of ending the deadlock and attracting political support to the Indian Government and its war effort? A proposal put forward by a group of Indian National Liberals recently has been widely discussed. The idea is that the Indian Government should be handed over to Indian politicians who would be responsible to the King-Emperor through the Viceroy, and not to Parliament or the Central Legislative Assembly, for the period of the war, full Dominion Status to be conferred afterwards. Congress was not prepared to join such a Government, but would not object to other Hindu parties doing so. Muslims saw in the scheme another attempt at Hindu domination.

The National Liberal proposition was the basis of a scheme developed in a recent article in *THE FORTNIGHTLY*.^{*} The writer felt that if such an opportunity were offered to political India, combined with an appeal in the name of the King-Emperor to the whole country to rally behind the throne for the defence of India against the growing threat of invasion, warring factions would unite and work together to throw the whole weight of India into the war effort.

This optimistic view seems to give too little consideration to the existing political situation in India. Consider for a moment the psychology of Congress. You have a body of men who disbelieve in non-violence and yet chant the litany of the creed because only by doing so can they have at their disposal the mystic appeal of Gandhi, the political ascetic, without which they would lose the support of the masses. Half of them proclaim that British imperialism is, if anything, more loathsome than Naziism; they are only held back from a campaign of violence by Gandhi's influence; the other half are mainly concerned to expropriate British business interests. If they believe in democracy why did they fail in their pledges to the outcaste and throw up the mandate taken from several millions of peasants? Gandhi has exercised a dictatorship for over

^{*}A Plea for India, by Arthur Moore. June, 1941.

twenty years ; is he likely to abandon his dream of ruling India by non-violence? Could we hope that men who are deliberately hampering Britain and her allies in a life-and-death struggle, for India as much as for themselves, would bring an impartial mind to bear on this proposition for a union between themselves and their opponents? It seems highly improbable. In any case, as a preliminary to an agreement Congress would accept nothing less than independence, which in itself would keep off the Muslims. The issue, in point of fact, lies between Congress and the latter. Unless they can agree, and without mental reservations, the whole thing is impossible. "We want independence so as to be able to fight out our quarrel with the Muslims," the Congress General Secretary declared two or three weeks ago. If that reflects Congress mentality could one expect the Muslims to believe in a sudden protestation of Congress friendship?

Non-Congress Hindu politicians are equally hostile to the Muslims. The communal award, which Muslims regard as their Magna Carta, must go ; these Hindus expect Britain to deny to the Muslims a separate State, to insist on their accepting majority rule. It seems hopeless to expect Hindus to give way on these points ; Muslims will fight to a finish rather than concede them. Even if by a miracle a truce could be patched up it is doubtful if it would stand the strain of action. A breakdown would leave the position worse than at the start.

The alternative of expanding the Viceroy's Council into a War Cabinet by the inclusion of representative Indian statesmen is worth trying out. It would be necessary to give Muslims equal representation with the Hindus ; the Princes would co-operate ; the Hindu Mahasabha, in the face of the growing threat to the North West Frontier, would in all probability join the Ministry. Congress would almost certainly stand aloof, but would hesitate to challenge authority supported by a strong body of non-official Indians in the Central Government.

THE SWORD OF FREEDOM.

BY ELIZABETH WISKEMANN

ON August 1, six hundred and fifty years ago, late in the century of Magna Carta, the men of the remote forest cantons of Uri, Schwyz and Unterwalden entered into a pact for mutual defence and co-operation. This pact is regarded as the foundation-stone of the Swiss Confederation, since more and more communities adhered to it, until the present Swiss frontiers were established in 1815 and the democratic federal state of to-day was constituted with the legislative acts of 1848 and 1874.

The mediæval Swiss were literally self-governing; they enjoyed, that is to say, Rousseau's ideal form of government, direct democracy. While this clearly becomes an unworkable method as soon as the community grows beyond a certain size, its survival here and there in contemporary Switzerland is of very great interest. My own last vivid recollections, before everything merged into the catastrophe initiated by Germany's attack upon Holland and Belgium on May 10, 1940, are in fact of the meetings of two *Landsgemeinden*. On the last Sunday in April last year I was fortunate enough to witness the assembly of sworded freemen at Trogen, the capital of the Protestant portion of the canton of Appenzell, while on the first Sunday in May I watched the meeting of all the citizens of the canton of Glarus where the boys of the community sit at the centre in order to be trained in government. Now and then the deliberations were slow and dull, but this was never because the body of citizens lacked interest. Nothing could have been more impressive than the way in which the men of Appenzell elected their cantonal officials and considered the problems of cantonal finance, health and communications. All pledged themselves afresh to protect their liberty and their laws to the death. The onlookers included large numbers of visitors from other cantons, including people from French-speaking Switzerland. And it was by no means the thoughts of the foreign visitor alone which strayed frequently across the nearby frontier; beyond that frontier political meetings had for seven years con-

sisted of obedient salutes and standing to attention, and troops were at that moment concentrated upon a thoroughly intimidating scale with an invasion of Switzerland fully prepared. It was evident that the people of Appenzell and Glarus were indulging in quiet defiance of military despotism and that many confederate visitors were eager to express the very same feelings.

From the moment when Hitler became Reich-Chancellor and Germany relapsed into barbarism, the intellectual life of Switzerland had become dependent upon that of France; as Germany's aggressive intentions became obvious, from at least 1936 onwards, Swiss strategy was made to depend upon French co-operation. With the fall of France the Swiss found themselves encircled by the Axis Powers and cut off from the Anglo-Saxon world with which they sympathized; for some weeks it seemed as if the earth had quaked beneath them and swallowed them up. People prepared themselves for the defeat of the British and for the total domination of Europe by Germany. One of the characteristic signs of the times was that well-known journalists who had written the truth about the Nazis were hustled away on long leave into obscure rustic retreats by their editors.

The extraordinary thing, however, was that these journalists were mostly reinstated within two or three months. Encouraged by the exploits of the R.A.F., which they followed with excited enthusiasm, the Swiss rallied magnificently. It was now extremely difficult to trade with Great Britain or even to hear her news, but the people of Switzerland pounced upon every scrap that they could get. The morale of blitzed London became a favourite legend. Even when a few British bombs, through lamentable mistakes, were dropped upon Basle and Zürich, popular indignation was slight and short-lived. At this time it should not be forgotten that German propaganda was torrential; leaflets poured into letter-boxes and free presentation copies of books pursued people who had been uncompromisingly hostile to Hitler, while the cinemas were full of German news-reels, propaganda films of the conquest of Poland, and so on. Yet when a couple of wealthy pro-German Swiss industrialists started a new daily paper with enterprising photography, it sums up the whole situation in German-speaking Switzerland that this paper, *Actualis*, was compelled to take up an impartial attitude in order to establish itself at all; indeed it one day criticized the weakness of the Swiss Foreign Minister towards Germany so clearly that one of its

founders withdrew the capital with which he had provided it. After that the light of *Actualis* faded.

While the staunchness of the three million German-Swiss, forming about three-quarters of the whole Swiss population, was fully equalled by that of the small group of the Ticinese or Italian-Swiss, the attitude of the French-Swiss (who are not far below a million in numbers) was equivocal. The wealthier classes had long been subject to *Front Populaire* nightmares and justified Pétain, while the working-people, influenced in Geneva by Monsieur Nicole, who has recently been expelled from the Swiss Parliament, had Stalinist leanings. Some of the French-Swiss newspapers, notoriously *la Suisse*, were warmly pro-Axis, and if the press out-distanced the French-Swiss population in its Hitlerist sympathies, these latter were not inaccurately reflected by the Foreign Minister, Motta's successor, the Vaudois Monsieur Pilet-Golaz. The Swiss Federal Council, the executive body of seven Ministers, naturally inclined towards a cautious foreign policy, and here the Foreign Minister was necessarily its mouthpiece. What finally made him extremely unpopular in Switzerland was the audience he gave to a renegade Swiss writer, Jacob Schaffner (who had joined the admiring band of Hitler's personal circle), together with Ernst Hofmann, the leader of a small disreputable group of German-Swiss Nazis who called themselves *Erneuerer* or renovators and had been publicly pronounced to be traitors to Switzerland. The interview led to no particular result other than making Monsieur Pilet-Golaz the scapegoat of public opinion.

It was not only popular apprehension, however, which had been aroused. During last autumn and winter many of the most respected figures in Swiss public life came together to ensure that the resilience of Swiss morale should have positive results. There was now one central question in Swiss life. If the Axis attacked Switzerland, should the Swiss fight? Resistance would be hopeless, since they would be vastly outnumbered, encircled, and far from self-supporting, and the British could do nothing effectual to help them. Every yearning after comfort and quiet or even to be allowed to continue personally to exist, condemned the imitation of Leonidas. Meanwhile the German press kept up its campaign of intimidation. The Swiss were constantly told that their ludicrous fidelity to nineteenth century liberalism offered an intolerable affront to the Führer. One day the *Stuttgarter Neues Tagblatt* even discovered that Swiss neutrality was nothing but a piece of British villainy,

for the British had created it in 1815 in order to give themselves a base in Europe from which to tyrannize over the continent: the "New Order" imperatively demanded the end of neutral nonsense. Yet the more the Germans blustered at Switzerland the more complete was the public conviction that Nazi Germany is something which has to be resisted to the death.

The most serious cleavage in Swiss national life, a potential hole in Switzerland's armour, was perhaps that between Capital and Labour. The industrial population of German-speaking Switzerland was predominantly Social-Democrat in sympathy, profoundly anti-totalitarian and hostile to Moscow. It was on the worst of terms with Monsieur Pilet-Golaz, who, thinking of French-Swiss Labour with its admitted Stalinist sympathies, wrongly dismissed all Socialists as nationally unreliable. What was actually more serious was that German-Swiss Labour was on unsatisfactory terms with its own mainly Liberal employers and business-men. But German-Swiss Labour was not merely the backbone of the Army, it was eager to resist the Nazis even at all costs. Hitherto it had been without national administrative responsibility because without representation in the Federal Council, and a body of opinion now pressed for the increase of the membership of the Council from seven to nine in order to introduce two Social Democrat Ministers. Although this change has not been realized, the promoters of the cause of national resistance were able to bring together many Liberals and Radicals with Social Democracy in support of their cause. Meanwhile the growth of an independent party, led by the commercially successful but politically erratic Herr Duttweiler, had caused some uneasiness, especially since he had seemed at the elections in 1939 to have captured the Communist vote of Basle. When two vacancies occurred last winter in the Federal Council, a Duttweiler Independent from St. Gallen, Herr Kobelt, was elected to fill one of them. But this event also proved favourable for the patriots, who were warmly supported by the new Federal Councillor; indeed he probably most nearly represented a Protestant sentiment against the pro-Axis intrigues of which certain Catholic circles associated with the University of Fribourg were suspected.

Gibbon, referring in his Autobiography to Switzerland as the country of his adoption, wrote there also of "the wisdom of a nation which, after some sallies of martial adventure, has been content to guard the blessings of peace with the sword of freedom." This is a remarkable instance of his exquisite

felicity of phrase, for Swiss, unlike Anglo-Saxon, democracy has a military flavour. Military service is as much a Swiss right as a duty, as much a part of a Swiss man's freedom as his right to elect every category of official or to help initiate any legislative project. Since the outbreak of war in 1939 the Swiss Army has been mobilized and one of its Colonels elected to be General. This man, another Vaudois named Guisan, has become something like the national symbol; it would be difficult to forget the spectacle of the General, from a window looking onto the central square, drinking to the freemen of the *Landsgemeinde* assembled at Trogen in 1940 or the words he spoke to them in his French-Swiss German. It is clear that any plan for serious resistance depends upon the appreciation by the General and his staff of the political and moral importance of a suicidal gesture which may wipe out the Army they have laboriously trained and armed. In spite of a traditional admiration in certain Swiss officer circles for German military efficiency, General Guisan has revolutionized his military plan and arranged to concentrate his Army in the mountains of Central Switzerland where food is stored and all preparations made for several months of hopeless resistance. Of course, even if Guisan were not intending to fight, the best safeguard against German invasion is to appear thoroughly bellicose and to make it evident that the St. Gotthard and Simplon tunnels, that is, the most useful railway lines between Germany and Italy, are at stake. But it may be confidently believed that the Swiss General has perfected his plans for unhesitating resistance to any kind of attack by the German hordes.

It is exceedingly difficult to be for ever expecting an invasion which is constantly postponed. And, while nearly all Swiss people have what seems to belligerents waging total warfare, a too dogmatic veneration for their own neutrality, that neutrality itself is often as incompatible with liberty as equality ever was. The Swiss press for instance, is to-day less free than our own, and the necessity to offend no neighbour thus constitutes not only a serious infringement of freedom of expression but a further demoralizing factor. Finally Switzerland's dependence upon the importation of raw materials, and particularly upon German coal, gives the Nazis a very disagreeable weapon against her, while she requires their consent for virtually all that she exports.

The example of the small Greek nation's successful resistance to the Axis encouraged the Swiss tremendously. But in April the German tanks seemed undaunted by the mountainous areas

of the Balkans and the German occupation of Athens provided a tragic conclusion to the tale. Swiss feelings against Russia are very widespread, and Germany's attack upon the U.S.S.R. in June was naturally intended to divide the anti-German groups in Switzerland as elsewhere. In fact, like delay and restriction, the red-herring trick appears unable to demoralize the Confederates. They had recently, after years of no relations with Moscow, negotiated a commercial treaty with the U.S.S.R. and they regret that this should be no sooner concluded than effectually cancelled. When the Germans advertize their crusade or *Kreuzzug* against Russia, the *Basler Nachrichten* corrected the claim to *Hakenkreuzzug* and the average Swiss view is probably a certain satisfaction that Germany and Russia should keep one another disagreeably busy.

In the summer of 1939 the Swiss enthusiastically organized a national exhibition which was something of a warning to Germany. And it can be safely asserted that the federal celebration of the six hundred and fiftieth anniversary on August 1 two years later will be welcomed with extraordinary fervour. More than ever the Swiss Confederates will wish to emphasize their determination, "in view of the bad times and for their better protection and defence, to stand by one another with counsel and with action, with life and with property, with united force and strength, against any and all who threaten oppression and injustice." These are the words of the pact of 1291 which verily forged "the sword of freedom."

THE EMPEROR NEXT DOOR

BY WILLARD PRICE

FOR five years the Emperor of Japan was our neighbour. I should say at once that he was a good neighbour. He ignored our existence, except when it was time to command our presence at the Imperial Garden Party. And I may say to our own credit that we left him severely to himself. We did not try to pry into his affairs; and yet, glimpse by glimpse, word by word, we learned during our five years in Hayama much about the home life of the most secluded and mysterious monarch in the world.

All roads lead "up" to Tokyo while the Emperor resides there. But during the warmer months the earth tilts in a different direction. Then one goes "up" to Hayama. Here is the Emperor's favourite residence and not only does he prefer to stay all summer but at any time of the year it is not surprising to see the maroon limousine slide in through the palace gates.

Hayama is a fishing village on the coast of the Miura Peninsula some thirty miles from the capital. When the sun is high its natural beauty and excellent beach attract thousands of holiday makers. But from September to June it is a fishing village and nothing more. We lived there all the year round. It gave us an opportunity to study the real Japan; and yet it was an hour's train journey from conglomerate and nondescript Tokyo. In Hayama one must speak Japanese or nothing. Houses were of wood and paper, floors were meant to be slept on, baths were four feet deep, fishermen and farmers were not too polite, temples smelled of wet moss, and roadside statues of Jizo were toggled in bibs and caps of babies supposed to have been cured by the intervention of the god of children.

It was an ignorant, natural, sordid, beautiful place and it had a view of Fuji across Sagami Bay and of smoking Mihara out to sea. Winding paths ascended hills forested with pine and cryptomeria and looked down upon fields where no month passed without a miracle. Red camellias blazed on the hearth of winter, plum, peach and cherry blossoms scented the spring,

rice waded to golden harvest during the summer, and in autumn the maples spilled their incredible glories upon the scabby heads of unappreciative children whose noses ran continually in muddy scummy streams and who, unaware of the contention of the Board of Tourist Industry that Nipponese children are the most charming and courteous in the world, hurled *Ijin-san*, foreign devil, at strangers together with a pebble or two to give it emphasis.

And whether we liked it or loathed it, it was the Japan that we had come to see.

At first we considered the summer palace only a minor attraction. We expected to see nothing and hear nothing of the Emperor. We lived near the palace only because we found something suitable there, a little two-storey house wedged in between a fish and a charcoal store. Beyond the latter was a small branch post office and next to it was the palace wall. The pines of the palace garden cut the glare of the morning sun on our second-floor windows.

As the only foreigners to live near the palace, and the only Americans to remain in the village throughout the year (one English family also persisted) we were subjected to close scrutiny. Regularly once a month the police called at the gate and entered with much hissing to drink tea and ask questions. In these conversations we studiously avoided any reference to the Emperor. The devout Japanese resents light talk concerning the Emperor as the Christian concerning the person of Jesus Christ. He is quick to detect any attitude not completely reverential. On the other hand he has the yearning of a religionist that others should share his faith. Our apparent lack of interest in the chief topic of Hayama at first set our friends at ease, then stimulated their determination that we should hear about their Emperor. And hear we did. Police officers of the village, sentries who stood like wooden soldiers in the pill boxes punctuating the palace wall and barked like sea lions in salute but relaxed when off duty, fishermen who helped the Emperor collect marine specimens, tradesmen and farmers who brought supplies to the palace, carpenters who built the Emperor's conning tower, visiting physicians, biologists, teachers and musicians contributed, always discreetly, to our mosaic of homely details of the private life of the Son of Heaven.

Discreetly. For example, there was never a description of the Emperor's appearance. Diffidence on this point was evidently due to the influence of the ancient tradition that no

man may look full into the Heavenly Countenance and live. Few men looked, and lived, but still considered it sacrilegious to speak of what they had seen. But we had plenty of opportunities to see for ourselves. Hirohito, as the Japanese do not call him because that is his name, is somewhat better than Japanese. He does not have the usual squat frame and tendency to bow legs. He has a horseman's balance and a swimmer's suppleness. When he swings across the beach or sprints up the bank to the garden it is quite evident that he is not suffering from an overloaded stomach or an overtaxed brain. He is a good animal. One would never dream this to see him rigid and unresponsive in his limousine as crowds look on. Then the mantle of divinity rests heavily upon him. At home he can forget his godhood.

His face is *takimashita* as the Japanese would say, (literally, "broiled") by sun and weather. Slightly prominent white teeth, better than most in this land of over-refined rice, contrast with the dark complexion and short black moustache. Although he is commander-in-chief of the Army, his mouth is neither the hard thin line nor the tight purse of the Japanese military. His lips are rather full and sensitive. In some former incarnation they were antennæ, feeling their way. They were never a beak. When he is interested, they stand open, receptive and vulnerable: not sealed as are the lips of the hard-hitting and the self-made who bring him papers to sign. Nor is his head square and efficient. It is slightly longer than broad, the head of a recently adolescent poet or professor or artist. It could never be used as a battering ram to bring down the Great Wall of China. It is a head of gentle dreams and intellectual delights. Its air of detachment is accented by the thick-lensed glasses. The eyes behind them have been weakened, as most really studious Japanese eyes are, by the intolerable burden of mastering the Japanese written language. The shortsighted eyes are brown. The hair is black and rebellious.

The general appearance is that of a student, or of a gentleman with hobbies. He seeks to learn, not to dictate. Oracles speak in his name, but he is not an oracle. While he shows no violence of being a great thinker, he has an enquiring mind which seeks out information regardless as to whether it is of direct use to the head of a state. He is not a pragmatist, but somewhat other-worldly. One day when he retired from the throne to the palace he left behind a copy of Aesop's Fables. Although we did not touch it, a guard threatened us blackly,

snatched it from our polluting gaze and bore it in through the gate as if it were a holy wafer. The Emperor's fondness for Aesop dates from his school days. In spite of the fact that he was required to read the fables, he liked them, read and re-read them regardless of the day's assignment, and composed fables of his own in the same style. This was when he was nine years old. Now he is forty but those who are close to him say that he has not lost his young imagination. His occasional abstractions when he is being addressed on a subject of great importance to the addressor and his sometimes whimsical remarks that puzzle humourless officials reveal the same taste for philosophic fantasy that marked the Indo-European fables.

The books in his ample library range from Confucius to Spengler. Philosophy, economics and history are well represented. There are many books in English; the Emperor reads English easily but speaks it with difficulty. He has some choice illustrated volumes on the subject of his hobby, marine life.

His manual on world affairs is the *Asahi* (Morning Sun), Japan's greatest newspaper. The *Asahi* is thinner than the normal *Times* but contains more information; because a single ideograph may express the meaning of a whole English phrase. The paper has representatives in all great capitals and many small ones. It prints twenty morning editions, three evening editions, also "locals" for various sections of the country. It employs modern and ancient methods. Thirty aeroplanes are on its payroll, also some hundred pigeons. You will see the pigeons fluttering about the roof of the *Asahi* offices in Tokyo. When a reporter is dispatched to some isolated spot such as a smoking mountain top or a ship at sea from which he cannot telephone back his story, he takes a pigeon with him. He writes his story on thin paper which is then rolled and inserted in a metal tube tied to the leg of the pigeon. The bird dutifully flies home with the news. But for all its enterprise, its world scope and its air of broad-mindedness the *Asahi* is as isolated as its most illustrious reader. It reflects the common Japanese suspicion of all other nations with the uncertain exception of Germany.

Black-suited lecturers with brief-cases full of wisdom came almost daily to the palace to address a class of one. Adult education has an advocate and example in the Emperor. He takes regular courses in economics, zoology, literature and art. He makes copious notes, and keeps a journal.

Even if he were not a man of simple and studious tastes tradition would compel him to live simply. The house provided

for him is plain. Many a *narikin* (new-rich) has a better one. His ancestors were pressed into monasteries. Frugality became an imperial virtue. The "palace" is a palace only because it houses royalty. It is a purely Japanese building, erected by the Emperor Meiji and lacking the most modern conveniences. Its outer walls are of unpainted boards weathered a dull grey. Inside, the wood is the best in Japan, *hinoki*, tree of the sun, a cypress. It also is unpainted. Japanese builders consider it almost blasphemous to cover the beautiful natural grain of wood with paint. The floor is paved with straw slabs or *tatami*, no different from those found in more humble homes. However, in this case there is a slight concession to foreign luxury and occasional rugs are used on the *tatami*. Shoes are, of course, left at the door and slippers are worn. Sliding paper doors separate the rooms. Outside doors of thinner paper (*shoji*) may be drawn back to make the room part of the garden.

The Emperor Meiji who opened Japan to the world and was more modern than the moderns, furnished the palace with western furniture and bath. The tables and chairs remain, and the royal couple sleep in twin beds, but the foreign bath goes begging. This is natural enough. Even foreigners in Japan prefer the Japanese bath. Possibly Japan's peculiar contribution to civilization is the art of bathing. And while wealthy *narikin* always install a foreign bath to indicate that they know what's what, they bathe in the Japanese bath installed next door. In one fine house I found the foreign tub used as a goldfish bowl. Our maid, wife of a fisherman of the village, had frequently been employed in the palace as a cleaning woman. She complained of the dust-harboring propensities of the dining-room table-legs and commiserated with true Japanese who, for dignity's sake, must sit on high chairs to a high table when they might eat comfortably on the floor.

There is an old-fashioned gramophone, much used. The Emperor studies foreign music and likes Japanese music. He has little opportunity to hear either except on the gramophone or over the radio. An Emperor has not the freedom of movement enjoyed by the rest of us. When we went to Tokyo to listen to Galli Curci and, later, to Zimbalist, the palace, reaching for the crumbs dropped from the common people's table, bought records of the works of these artists. Musicians sometimes give command performances, but very rarely, such entertainment within the palace of the Son of Heaven evidently being considered too frivolous. There is something sobering about

a gramophone record and through this medium Beethoven, Wagner, Paderewski and even Kreisler are allowed to visit the palace. This is really a great concession since the Japanese have not quite forgotten the tradition of samurai days that listening to music is an amusement unworthy of noble mind. However the present Emperor is more abstemious than Meiji and his successors will doubtless be still more ascetic.

In this as in a hundred other respects Japan is turning backward to ancient standards of conduct. Villagers remember when the walls were hung with western paintings. Now they are as undefiled as the walls of any orthodox Japanese home. There is a *kura* or storehouse filled with objects of art. The old custom has been resumed of bringing out from the *kura* a single water colour *kakemono* or a vase or an urn and placing it in the alcoved *tokonoma* where it can be admired for a few weeks; then consigning it again to the oblivion of the *kura* and replacing it with another thing of beauty. There is none of the brash display of the later military governors here. As of old, the Emperor's court is still the centre of the art and culture of Japan, but not of luxury.

But the present Emperor has one luxury that his predecessors did not possess—a view. He has built one small second-storey room from which he may see the bay, Fujiyama and the smoke-plumed cone of the island-volcano, Mihara, in which, each year, some eight hundred of his countrymen end their lives. On the landward side he gets glimpses through the pines and over the garden wall of the life of the village. Who knows whether the wistfulness of a peasant to look upon his Emperor is any more than the wistfulness of an imprisoned Emperor to walk among his people? For the village and all beyond is forbidden territory. He may only pass through swiftly in his maroon limousine. A royal road leads straight and true from the palace gate to the nearest railroad station. It is kept in excellent condition so that nothing will delay the imperial passage. At two points where hills bar the way it does not wind across them as the old roads do, lingering over beauties of flower and tree and birdsong, but plunges through by way of long dark tunnels. At the station the Emperor steps into a plush-smothered waiting room reserved by the railroad management for his exclusive use, and thence into the royal railroad coach in which the window shades have been closely drawn.

But when he sits in his high room, his fancy, at least, may roam free. He may walk with us into the general store directly across the street from the palace and buy eight-headed

potatoes, bamboo shoots, lily bulbs, ginger roots, beans of twenty varieties and white radishes a yard long. He may drop to the drug store adjoining and find the latest nostrum from America side by side with Chinese medicine of bats' fur and dogs' brains of a formula two thousand years old. Next to that is the barber shop where the gossip of the whole village may be heard. Then comes a very humble dwelling smothered in roses much finer than any to be found in the palace garden. Then the bathtub-maker's shop, so small that most of his wares stand in the street and customers crouch in them to try the fit. Next we have the lumber yard where the veritable art gallery of silky grains would delight an Emperor's eye; then the rice mill which diligently grinds the rice free of vitamins, leaving it smooth and white and conducive to beri-beri. Next door, at the crest of the little hill, is the sweet shop where delectable bean-paste cakes may be had, three for a penny. Beyond that he cannot see.

Starting from the general store in the opposite direction, he sees the police station, a store that rents bicycles (and how his heart must stir to see laughing couples setting out to ride through lily-scented country lanes), a small electric supplies shop, a bridged stream, a beef store patronized mostly by summer barbarians, a number of fish stores where bare-footed fishermen bring in swordfish, mackerel, barracuda, bonito and tuna, fresh from the sea; and then, at the top of the hill, the hinto temple among gnarled pines.

Such are his views left and right. When he looks straight ahead he sees the gate before which, at all hours, passers-by stop to bow and say a prayer; and the royal road cutting straight away past the school. In front of the school is a small square vault standing alone. It contains the portraits of the Emperor and Empress which are brought out on special occasions to be placed on the platform of the school auditorium and revered by the entire assemblage. If through fire or any other mishap the portraits are injured the principal is expected to take his own life.

On one side of the royal road are hills where the *yamaguchi* (mountain lilies) open their fragrant white blossoms eight inches broad, and on the other side farmers wade in the paddies, cartling the blue dragon flies and white herons.

Above, querulously wailing hawks wheel and look down upon the Emperor. Theoretically this is lese majeste—but even as well as hawks do it. Often upon ascending to the eagle's Nest, a wooded hilltop where there is a breeze even

on the hottest day, we have found villagers silently gazing down upon the palace roofs and sucking in their breath sharply when they saw the living god walking in his garden.

The garden is small and cramped. The best part of it is outside the walls—along the beach and on a pretty point projecting into the sea. The point is covered with grass and trees and fringed with great boulders. On one side of it the surf roars and on the other is a quiet sandy cove where the Emperor bathes. On this seaward side of the palace the royal recluse gets a breath of freedom. The extra-mural garden is barred to the public except when the Emperor is not at home; then they may roam freely through it. They may bathe where the Emperor bathes, but do not, for the stony bottom makes his bathing cove decidedly inferior to the public beach a few hundred feet away. Between the two bathing spots, when the Emperor is in residence, stand immobile guards.

But there is nothing to prevent the bathers from seeing the Emperor enjoying himself. They do not stand in gaping wonder, no matter how much they may feel like doing so. They attend to their own swimming or lolling, practising the same etiquette that is followed in bathhouses for both sexes where "nude ladies are seen but not looked at." There is no staring at the Emperor.

For his part, he takes full advantage of the sense of privacy which his subjects allow him. Wearing a white suit and his floppy straw hat he runs races with his children, digs in the sand for shellfish, clambers through narrow cracks between the ten-foot boulders at the water-line where one must time one's passage exactly to avoid an incoming wave, picnics beside the thatched resthouse, lies on the grass under wind-whipped pines and reads or looks out to sea. He swims with a long clean stroke and is evidently quite able to take care of himself in the water. Nevertheless extraordinary precautions are taken. A boatful of attendants floats nearby. A prescribed swimming area is marked off with red flags. If he goes beyond them, which he rarely does, he finds the boat respectfully in his way, and he dutifully turns back. It is said that within the flagged space a great net is suspended beneath the swimmer, but I have never seen proof of this story.

Another story has it that Hayama bathers must wear full bathing costumes, but this is certainly not true. Trunks alone are commonly worn by men and sometimes even by women. Soldiers stationed in Hayama to guard the Emperor march formation to the public beach, undress in the open, do nothing

at breech clouts which promptly become translucent when wet, and dress again on the beach. To be sure there is a sign of unsteady English to the effect that every bather must be dressed "at least up to the knees."

When garden and beach pall, the Emperor may not take to the beautiful mountain-top trails; but he may go out to sea. The taboo on land freedom perhaps explains why his hobby is not botany but marine biology. In a small cabined motor-yacht he and his crew, and sometimes a visiting biologist, sail slowly along the coast collecting specimens. He handles spear and net himself. He seems as happy as a small boy. And like the small boy whose pockets are apt to contain worms, grass-coppers and tadpoles, the Emperor nonchalantly drops algæ, starfish and sponges into the pockets of his white coat. But this practice is mitigated by the fact that, unlike the small boy, he never wears the same clothing twice. Imperial tradition forbids.

When the yacht returns to the bathing cove, it must anchor about a cable's length from shore because of underwater rocks. An ordinary unpainted fishing boat is brought alongside and the party descends into it. A boy standing on the stern manipulates the great sweep and the boat approaches the shore. Then we have a strange sight. A deputation of white-suited court officials has been waiting on the beach. There is a concerted bow, followed by a march into the water until the dignified officials stand up to their hips, half on each side of the boat. Again they bow their heads to the figure standing above them. One is reminded of some scene of baptism by immersion. Then they grasp the gunwales of the fishing boat and draw it briskly on to the beach. Again they bow as the Emperor steps out. He has returned to palace formality. But his pockets still bulge with the fruits of his brief liberty and he leaves the reception committee without ceremony, strides across the beach, his arms swinging, and waves to his wife or his children who wait under the trees.

He has one room of the palace fitted up as a laboratory. Here there is also a miniature aquarium. The specimens come out of pockets, others are brought in buckets by attendants, and the royal biologist settles down to his microscope. The smaller the organism the more it interests him. He is a specialized student of cell formation and the evolution of life from lower to higher forms by way of competition and the survival of the fittest. Professors credit him with professorial knowledge of the theory of natural selection.

The other occupations and diversions of the Emperor are very Japanese. On nights of the full moon he may sometimes be seen with members of his family and court on the little point viewing the moon. "Moon-viewing" is not as casual as it sounds. It involves offerings of beans and dumplings and bouquets of lespedeza blossom and eulalia grass. It involves the writing of verses, perhaps about the cassia tree in the moon whose reddening leaves cause the deeper colour of the moon in autumn, or about the city in the moon, or about the hare pounding rice in a mortar. It is fitting that the imperial family should honour the moon since it belongs to the god Susanoo, brother of Amaterasu, ancestress of the emperors. Moreover there is vaguely felt to be some therapeutic value in moon viewing. Declares one Japanese writer, "All ills can be assuaged by gazing at the moon."

The beauty of the stars is not so honoured in Japan, perhaps because their lustre is hardly strong enough to contend with the prevailing night mist. However it is said that the court celebrates Tanabata or the Star Festival on the Seventh day of the seventh moon. Legend has it that the weaving-girl (Vega) and the herd-boy (Altair) separated by River of Heaven (the Milky Way) may meet only at this time, thanks to the good offices of the heavenly magpies which build a bridge with their wings across the celestial stream. Mortals rejoice that the lovers are united and take advantage of their good humour by praying to the patron of weaving for success in the household arts and to the patron of agriculture for good harvests.

As might be expected, the Emperor's interest in animal life extends to the insects and he enjoys the Insect-hearing Festival. Tuneful locusts, grasshoppers, cicadas, crickets and katydids in bamboo cages are bought from the insect-breeders. On a quiet evening in early autumn the ceremony of "Freeing the Insects" takes place. The cages are opened, the insects escape to the trees and celebrate their liberty with song. Everyone listens in rapt silence.

It would be strange if a man of such delights did not write poetry. The present Emperor will probably leave behind him a record equal to that of the Emperor Meiji who wrote 38,000 poems. Poems in Japan are short. The *tanka* contains only five lines; the *hokku* only three. Here is a complete poem: "That I saw as a fallen blossom returning to the branch, lo! bathed a butterfly." The Japanese poem rarely has time or are to be philosophical; it is usually only a fleeting picture. Soldiers' beauty of nature. Every year the Emperor presides

over a national poetry contest. A theme is selected, such as "A Pine Tree on a Rock" or "Roofs Under Snow." Anyone may compete with a five-line poem. The Emperor and his family also write poems but their efforts are held above the contest. Some thirty-five thousand poems are submitted. The Poetry Bureau pick five, and these are read before Their Majesties and published along with the imperial poems in all newspapers. There are no prizes, the honour of having one's composition brought to the notice of the Emperor being considered the highest possible reward.

The Emperor Meiji devoted a part of every evening to the writing of verse. The present imperial bard finds his best inspiration in the early morning. It is reported that he rises at five-thirty when the bugle blows and is out by six. We never saw him at that hour but that was our fault, not his. He is said to enjoy best nature in its first moods, which he can do the more heartily because his own mood is never marred by hangover. He has retired early the night before; and he never uses liquor, nor even tobacco. His disposition is unruffled by domestic annoyances. The title of his reign, *Showa* or Radiant Peace is appropriate to his home life, however little it may apply to his nation's adventures abroad.

Every other week or so the Minister of War accompanied by officers of the General Staff rolls into the palace grounds. No other minister in the cabinet is thus allowed direct access to the Emperor. The army flag significantly bears the Emperor's crest and signature. Army plans, signed by the Emperor, are thereby lifted above public criticism. It was the warrior Yoritomo who enunciated the policy faithfully followed by the army to-day: "Wield power in fact, never in name." By exalting the name of the Emperor, and doing all in that name, the Japanese army draws itself up by the bootstraps into a perfection that no loyal subject dares to question.

Within the palace garden the Emperor is very human; outside, he becomes every day more of a god. The modernism of Meiji was recognized as a mistake. Then the country nearly fell into "the vice called republicanism." The army stopped that in time. Lessons were introduced in school textbooks designed to deify the Emperor and thus give divine sanction to "his right hand," the army. Japanese children grow up in this scientific age firmly grounded in the myths of the Sun Goddess and her descendants who sit upon the most ancient throne in the world.

An English professor from a Tokyo university sat at my

table. He looked out into the pines of the palace garden. He told me of one of his Japanese students who had enquired about the Sphinx. The professor had explained that the Sphinx was symbolic of the sun god from whom the Pharaohs of Egypt claimed descent. The student was shocked. He went to the head of the university. The English professor was called before his Japanese superiors and accused of teaching heretical doctrine. One repetition of this offence, and he would be discharged. This earth's only rulers past or present who might claim divine descent were the emperors of Nippon.

This faith is essential to the Japanese army programme which stops at nothing short of world rule. "We shall build our capital all over the world and make the whole world our dominion." Every Japanese soldier learns by rote this rescript of the first emperor, Jimmu. His military textbook, the *Army Reader*, tells him: "This rescript has been given to our race and to our troops as an everlasting categorical imperative."

At the heart of this world programme stands the Emperor. He alone makes it seem reasonable; for is it not logical that the world's one divine ruler should rule all mankind? Professor Chikao Fujisawa, a sober political scientist, writes:

Only the realization that the one and absolute sovereignty is vested in Heaven, and that, on behalf of Heaven, a certain nation shall be entrusted with the performance of this sovereignty for the benefit of all mankind, can pave the way to final world peace and international co-operation.

But whether he who is the heart of this grandiose scheme has any heart in it is doubtful. He seems hardly the type of man to aspire to be god of the world. He is a man of tastes that can be satisfied in a small garden or the waters beside it. I saw him once standing on the grassy point listening to the sounds of the village, turning his head in the direction of this sound or that as it dominated over the others. Only one whose own ego did not clamour could have enjoyed as he seemed to the low note of the Nichiren drum on the mountain side, the "Nat-to-o-o-o" of the steamed bean vendor, the flutes of pilgrims, the distant chorus of his guardsmen in their barracks, and—most thrilling sound of all to the mood quiet enough to receive it—the crystal stair of song of the *uguisu*, Japanese nightingale, perched high in the pines over the tile roof of the palace.

ITALY'S AFRICAN RULE

BY SYLVIA PANKHURST

IN the June number of *THE FORTNIGHTLY* Major-General Sir Charles Gwynn outlines a view of the future of East Africa which occasions one Englishwoman at least, considerable surprise.

He suggests that the Italians now at war with us should not only have restored to them their former colonies, but also a considerable part of Ethiopia, with control over the rest, under a modified Hoare-Laval plan. He even appears to indicate that Jibuti might pass from France to Italy.

To restore Ethiopia to her ancient dominions as they were before the Italian invasion, appears to me a necessity of pure justice, and an obligation of honour in conformity with our signature of the League of Nations Covenant, our declaration of war objectives, and our practical alliance with Ethiopia on the field of battle in this, as well as in former conflicts.

Arguments in favour of Italy's rule and policy in Africa usually fall under two main heads:

- (1) That the Italians had a very creditable record in their Colonies.
- (2) That certain parts of Ethiopia are occupied by inhabitants who differ in race and religion from the Amharic Christians, being either Moslem or Pagan. Therefore they should not be included in independent Ethiopia, but placed under Italian rule.

All fair-minded persons should consider whether, if they happened to be born in Ethiopia, they would prefer to live under Mussolini who posted on the walls there a proclamation: "The worst Italian is better than the best Ethiopian," followed by a series of rigid colour-bar regulations; or under a ruler, chosen by the Ethiopians themselves, like the Emperor Haile Selassie who stated on returning to his country: "I make no distinctions on account of race or creed between my subjects; whether they are Gallas or Amharas, Moslems or Christians, they are all Ethiopians with equal rights."

Italy's manner of acquiring her colonies was certainly nothing to boast of. The oldest of them, Eritrea, the return of which is greatly desired by Ethiopia, is part of Ethiopia's

main mountain massif, where her Christian population mostly dwells. Italy's first foothold was acquired there in 1870 by a commercial firm, the Rubattino Company, which purchased the port of Assab as a coaling station for £1,880 from a local chief. Then the Italian government took it over. That was before Ethiopia had taken the wise precaution of barring the sale of her land to foreigners.

The Egyptian control under the suzerainty of Turkey, which had been a disability to Ethiopia since the sixteenth century, had not then been fully cleared from the Red Sea coast of Ethiopia. When the Egyptians vacated Massawa in 1885, the Emperor John of Ethiopia, who had done good service to Britain in her troubles with the Dervishes, asked the British who had taken control to let him have it. His request was not granted, but he was promised free transit. Possession of Keren and the Bogos country, which Ethiopia had occupied, were, however, assured to her in a Treaty made between Ethiopia, Egypt and Britain by Admiral Hewett. Augustus B. Wylde, former British Vice-Consul for the Red Sea, in his book *Modern Abyssinia*, says: "This was an excellent arrangement as it gave back to Ethiopia what was really hers, and what neither Turkey nor Egypt had ever been able to hold." Massawa itself was handed over to the Italians, as a bulwark against Franco-British friction, a neutral ground being established by Admiral Hewett's Treaty between Massawa and the nearest Ethiopian frontier post.

By 1890, however, the Italians had advanced all along the coast and captured Keren, Asmara and Adowa, simply by virtue of superior arms, Ethiopia being in no condition to resist owing to the death of her capable Emperor John in fighting the Dervishes. Mr. Wylde, like many others, made highly adverse comments upon this robbery of Ethiopia in violation of Admiral Hewett's Treaty, despite her then recent loyal and efficient assistance to Britain against those same Dervishes. Already at that time he predicted we should suffer seriously for having handed Massawa to the Italians.

Menelik had meanwhile ascended the Ethiopian Throne. The Italians had made him great professions of friendship, and he endeavoured by peaceful negotiations to induce them not to proceed further. The result was the Italo-Ethiopian Treaty of Ucciala. Unfortunately the Italians introduced into the Italian version words not appearing in the Ethiopian text, which gave them, they claimed, the right of suzerainty over the whole of Ethiopia. The French being gentlemanly enough

to inform Menelik, he repudiated the Treaty, and when the Italians retorted by further aggression they received a crushing defeat at the Battle of Adowa, in 1896. Peace was sealed by a Treaty of Perpetual Friendship, including a mutual pledge to refer any future disputes to arbitration. Nevertheless, Italy was soon deliberately planning to annex Ethiopia. Marshal De Bono, who began the Italian invasion of 1935 on Mussolini's behalf, has provided documentary evidence that both before and after the advent of Fascism, Italy spent large sums of money to make Quislings of Ethiopian provincial administrators. The effort proved less successful than the much briefer intrigues of Naziism in Norway.

Mr. Wylde, after close investigation on the spot, observes that the rule of the Italians in Eritrea was marred by their seizure of peasant lands and denial of all rights to native cultivators. Consequently after a period of Italian occupation cultivation was greatly inferior to that in Ethiopia just across the border. He suggested the Italians should induce some of the Ethiopians, to come over to instruct the cultivators on the Italian side, who appeared to have forgotten their former skill! Even Marshal De Bono, in his book on the invasion of 1935, tells that he and his soldiers, when crossing into Ethiopia were delighted by the "intensive cultivation," and "great wealth of cattle." "The country," he says, "though of the same character as Eritrea seemed to be much more fertile."

Italian rule from 1935 to 1941 reduced the quality and extent of cultivation in Ethiopia. Resistance by patriotic guerilla warfare never ceased. Italian bombing raids destroyed people, animals and crops. Prices fixed at arbitrary and unfair rates, robbery by lawless Italian soldiery of such money as was obtained in the market, with the raiding of farms and seizure of crops and cattle deterred the cultivators from producing a surplus. The Italians continued by forced labour the Emperor's great model farm at Error and others developed by his Government, with some of the former peasant lands, but coercion, espionage, public executions and punitive raids failed to maintain the former standard of production and stirred the people to ever wider revolt.

Italy's record in other parts of Africa is by no means good, as has been testified by many investigators, perhaps the most fully informed was Knud Holmboe,* the young Dane who travelled among the Moslem peoples of North and East Africa purely to acquaint himself with their philosophy and mode of

* *Desert Encounter*, by Knud Holmboe (Harrap),

life. He gives a tragic account of their sufferings under Italian rule, in marked contrast to their positions under France, describing mass executions, corpses hanging by the cross roads, deserted villages, their wells blocked with cement, by order of Graziani, the "Hyena of Libya" as he was termed, their dwellings housing only the skeletons of those who had died as a result. Francis McCullagh* told of the ruthless burning of Bedouin villages and the man-hunts in the oases, in which neither women nor children were spared, when Italy was conquering that region from Turkey in 1912.

Two of the most serious charges against Italian rule in Africa are that she strove to foment religious war, on the old Roman principle *Divide et Impera*, and that she denied education to the African people as a deliberate policy.

In Libya Christian Eritreans, bearing huge silver crosses on the breast, were encouraged to terrorize the Moslems. In tolerant Ethiopia continual attempts were made to rouse Moslems against Christians. As a Roman Catholic power she excluded the Protestant Missions, which did good work in schools and hospitals under Haile Selassie.

Such elementary schools as Italy provided in her colonies could accommodate but few of the children, and were rigidly confined to the limited instruction required for subordinate military or household service, whilst permission to leave the colony to study abroad was unobtainable. In Ethiopia she decreed that the people might not even be artisans, such superior work being reserved for the conquering race.

On the other hand the Government of Haile Selassie had built and equipped a large number of modern schools, giving free education, both elementary and secondary, to boys and girls and had afforded even some higher professional education. In 21 of these—8 in the capital and 13 in the provinces—instruction was given in a foreign language. When the Italians entered Addis Ababa 4,000 children in the capital alone were attending such modern schools with European and American teachers. The pupils were examined at the French Legation for French school certificates.

For thousands of years there have been monastery colleges and village schools in Ethiopia which covered the proportion of the population desirous of education admittedly not large in former times. In a letter to me from Zululand Mrs. Soderstrom, who served in the Swedish Mission in Ethiopia for fourteen years, describes one of these village schools:

**Italy's War in the Desert*, by Francis McCullagh (Herbert & Daniel),

Children of all classes sit side by side with the children of their great chiefs learning to read and write their exceedingly beautiful language. Abba Turgom was a very clever man, learned in all Ethiopian knowledge. The Dedjaznatch (a military and civil governor of a district) Ghebre Egziabeher of Lakamte made him teacher of the people living round Komto Mountain. Abba Turgom settled there and married the daughter of the chief forester. There came to him boys from near and far bringing with them their food bags and 10 thalers (£1), which they had to pay when they had learnt to read Gheeze and Amharic. When there were no lessons they had to help their teacher in his garden, planting trees, flowers and vegetables, or to help him to cut and carry home from the forest beautiful wood from which they were taught to make simple furniture, tables, chairs, benches and beds.

A charming picture of practical training, manual and academic, under a devoted and cultured teacher, amid a simple life such as that afforded by the folk universities of Denmark.

Grossly oppressive towards the people concerned, Italy's colonies have always been a costly drain upon the mother country. She lacked capital to develop them or to pay adequate salaries to their administrators. Marshal De Bono himself has written a devastating condemnation of the miserable condition of Eritrea, when he initiated preparations to invade Ethiopia from that base early in 1935. There were then only approximately 3,000 civilian inhabitants in the aggregate of Italy's African colonies, including Government officials.

Much has been said of the misnamed "conquests" of Menelik. A far sighted patriot, he was anxious to consolidate Ethiopia's ancient dominions, in view of the rapid encroachment of European Powers. He aimed at fixing her frontier at the White Nile, and at the Equator to the south. He approached the local rulers of such parts of Ethiopia as had fallen away in the vicissitudes of time, the Moslem conquests and the incursions of more primitive peoples who were gradually being civilized and absorbed. He urged all to come into the Empire. Many were willing. Some had already approached him on their own initiative, some agreed after a mere show of arms, a few resisted stubbornly, unable to understand that failure to combine would mean annexation by a European Power. In such areas the Imperial troops used force to compel compliance, an action to preserve Ethiopian independence which no European Power can justly criticize.

Much is said to-day of European aid to, or control of Ethiopia. The point of view of the European and the Ethiopian on Ethiopian affairs differs. The European wishes to exploit the land, the valuables in the sub-soil, and to obtain a plentiful supply of docile and cheap labour. He considers

refusal to sell the land obstructive, and describes as barbarism any lien on the services of the Ethiopian people which prevents him getting all the labour he wants. The Ethiopian, on the other hand, thinks first of the interests of his nation. He does not desire an exploitation of Ethiopia's natural resources in the interests of European concerns, meaning heavier manual toil for long hours without increasing real comfort for the Ethiopian millions, depriving the peasant of his right of land tenure, and debarring the clever and enterprising members of his race from their present opportunities of government, prestige and self-expression.

It would be fantastic to substitute European for Ethiopian rule, on the ground of differences of religious faith or minor racial differences. These peoples are practically all of mixed Arabian and African stock, though some have been longer settled and have developed a much higher culture than others. Though Islam has entered "the Christian Island" of Ethiopia, though the Hebrew faith continues, religious conflict has died out. Modern Ethiopia is well known for religious tolerance. To exchange this harmony for Italy's provocations to religious strife for her own ends would be a crime. Since the last of the large-scale immigrations, that of the Gallas in the sixteenth century, there has been time for the Ethiopian races to settle down peaceably. They have greatly intermarried in all classes. Amharic as a common language is extending. The races and religions are too closely intermingled to draw a frontier between them.

Talk of the subject peoples whom outsiders are to free from Amharic rule is unjustified by the facts. The governors of many provinces are Gallas and others, often drawn from the old hereditary ruling families. These are by no means always more considerate to the populations they rule over than are the Christian Amharas. In one notorious case a Moslem of the old ruling family had to be removed by the Imperial Government for offences against the Anti-Slave Trade Act. Misery and exploitation are not confined to Africa as, after living in the East End of London for twelve years, striving for better conditions for sweated women, I am well aware. On the other hand all governments must collect revenue, whether in cash or kind. In one part of Ethiopia the taxes were formally collected by the British Sudan Government and shared with Ethiopia.

It is true that Menelik, more than fifty years ago, brought large numbers of people from areas where there had been conflict, and settled them on land near Addis Ababa, in the effort

to raise their standard of culture, and to weld them into the common citizenship. Opinions may differ as to his wisdom; the fact is these people became contented citizens and ardent patriots. The Ethiopians of to-day regard the conflicts of the past as regrettable events in a period which has closed. What nation has not dark pages in its history? No law or custom in Ethiopia debars Galla, Somali, Dankali, Moslem, Jew or any other race from attending the schools, occupying government positions, exercising any right. Can this be fully said of any colony?

Under Italian rule all Ethiopians from the most cultured to the most primitive were subject peoples, debarred by decree from ever rising from their subject state. Hence the great rally of all races and faiths to the armies of liberation. It should be noted that the leaders of the Moslem faith were zealous for national unity against the Italian invasion in 1935 and for the national cause in 1940-41.

To use British arms or prestige to maintain the colonists forcibly imported into Ethiopia by Italy would be a vast mistake. It would blemish the present great confidence in British justice, and lead to sabotage and conflict, embarrassing administrators, destroying co-operation, undermining reform. The Ethiopians will long remember the cruelties they suffered under Italy. How little the Italians could be trusted is proved by the looting and massacre of which Italian police in Addis Ababa were guilty, after the British had entered, and had put them on their honour to keep order. They had to be removed and Ethiopian police substituted. Mr. Butler has declared in the Commons that the Ethiopians have committed no atrocities against the fallen foe. Before the Italian invasion, the Emperor Haile Selassie had already enlisted expert European and American assistance in modern developments. He and his Government are anxious to co-operate with us in an alliance of independence and mutual loyalty.

The situation calls for a square deal for independent Ethiopia. She is entitled to compensation from Italy and that might suitably include Eritrea with the ports of Massawa and Assab, and a cash payment.

RUSSIAN ACHIEVEMENTS

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES GWYNN

THERE is no denying that during the first week grave anxiety was felt as to whether the Red Army might not collapse under the onslaught of the full strength of the *Reichwehr* and *Luftwaffe*. Few doubted Russian courage for Russian soldiers and their officers have always fought gallantly. But Russian higher leadership has, with few exceptions, never been of a high order and administration often weakened by corruption, was apt to be deplorable. Moreover, the tactical tradition of the army was to fight in masses relying on weight of numbers and hand to hand combat, and that obviously would enhance the devastating effect of the dive bomber to a degree which might lead to mass panic. Though it was recognized that the Red Army was better equipped than ever the Tzarist armies had been, there was considerable doubt whether the quality of its armament would prove uniform and whether the quantities available would be efficiently maintained and distributed. The purge which had removed numbers of officers of all ranks from the Army in recent years was a shock that would in most armies have produced disastrous consequences.

Pessimists had certainly ample material to support their views and could point to the early disasters of the Finnish war for their confirmation. Those more optimistically inclined had fewer arguments to advance and had to admit that too little was known to provide a firm basis for confidence. The quantities of men and material were available and that selected specimens had stood up to test well, might be asserted. It could also be argued that in equipping and training the army imagination and progressiveness had been shown. The idea of parachute troops was original, and the concentration of effort on building up a great air force and an immense supply of armoured vehicles, indicated a progressive outlook. It was clear too, that the military leaders insisted on a high standard of discipline and training and were doing their utmost to keep the control of the fighting forces in their own hands. The early

disasters of the Finnish war could be attributed in the first instance to the campaign having been undertaken under the mistaken impression that no serious resistance would be encountered, and that it would entail only the advance of an army of occupation for which second-rate, ill-equipped troops would suffice—leaving the best of the army free to confront Germany should the Pact with her prove unreliable. On the other hand, there was the fact that the best qualified neutral observers of the Finnish war admitted that they were greatly impressed by the efficiency in administration, the improved quality of equipment, and the greatly higher standard of leadership produced in the final period of the war. They also pointed out that the earlier disasters of the war had taken place in a terrain and under climatic conditions entirely different from those for which the Russians were trained, and which gave exceptional opportunities to the Finns to display their very remarkable aptitude for offensive action and initiative. There remained the question, however, whether the improvement shown in the end by the Red Army should mainly be attributed to the deliberate and static nature of the operation carried out in a limited area, which discounted manœuvre and placed a premium on numerical strength.

Such broadly were the opinions generally held about the Red Army and, so far as I can judge, professional opinion in this country tended to take the pessimistic view. This is not a matter for surprise because personal contacts with Russian troops were made during the aftermath of the Great War, after the Russian Army had been shattered by the Germans and its discipline completely undermined by revolution. The Tzarist Army, more I imagine than any other European Army, depended on personal leadership, and it is notorious that the best of the regimental officers sacrificed themselves in the early years of the Great War. Under these conditions the impressions derived from the armies of the Civil War were bound to be misleading. Still, admittedly those inclined towards optimism had very little to go on, and the mere fact that Germany was willing deliberately to undertake a campaign against a huge country like Russia, tended to show that the German General Staff, who had close connection with the Red Army, had no high opinion of its quality.

It is too early yet to have confidence in the staying power of the Russian Army, for staying power depends on the smooth working of its administrative system, and the constant flow of material and supplies to meet war wastage. The test does not

come till reserves and depots established in defensive areas are denuded. It is, however, abundantly evident that in the first four weeks of the war both the Red Army and Air Force have proved themselves much more formidable than was expected even by the most optimistic. The Germans themselves, by the tone of their communiqués have admitted that they have failed to achieve expected *blitzkrieg* results.

Yet the conditions were favourable. Striking, fully mobilized and deployed, at their selected moment, the Germans employed the element of surprise to quite as great an extent as in any of their previous campaigns of the war. Although the Russians were certainly not completely unprepared, obviously their state of readiness could not equal that of an aggressor who took the initiative without warning. Under the circumstances initial successes were inevitable, and the German war machine is specially designed to make them of a decisive character. In a few hours the *Luftwaffe* might have gone far towards establishing decisive air supremacy, and in a day or two Panzer Divisions might have disrupted the organization of ground defences if defensive plans had not been skilfully made. Yet plans would have been unavailing if the morale of the troops and their leaders had been paralysed by the suddenness and violence of the attack. The Germans admit that it was the absence of this moral paralysis, which previous experience had led them to expect, that has delayed, if not upset, the development of their strategical plans.

Definite information is still lacking, but so far as can be concluded from the course of events the governing principle of Russian strategy was to use recently acquired territory in Bessarabia, Poland and the Baltic States, as a buffer zone in which powerful covering forces would absorb the momentum of a *blitzkrieg* attack; their main reserves and the bulk of the air force being kept behind the old Russian frontier; protected, partly by distance, and partly by the defences of the so-called Stalin Line, from becoming involved in early reverses. That implied a husbanding of reserves until the spearpoints of the attack were blunted, and a willing acceptance of territorial losses. The general principle was sound, but, on the immense front exposed to attack, the covering armies, if they were to have any delaying value, entailed the employment of great numbers. The difficulty of withdrawing the covering force over long distances, and the risk of large bodies being cut off by the claw-like attacks of the Panzer divisions, were obviously great. On the whole the execution of the withdrawal appears

to have been carried out skilfully, and the penetration of mechanized formations did not produce demoralization. They seem to have been met by reserve formations of tanks while infantry and artillery closed the gaps made in their line, and continued to resist the main German forces. Some Russian troops admittedly were cut off and enveloped during the withdrawal, but they continued to fight stubbornly and must certainly have slowed down and broken up the German tidal wave. What the fate of these centres of resistance has been is not yet clear, but it is remarkable that though the Germans claim large numbers of prisoners—which, even if the figures were accurate, would include frontier guards, wounded and stragglers, no definite claim to have secured the mass surrender of particular Russian formations has been made. It would seem therefore, that Russian troops did not coagulate into a mass when in difficulties, but tended to disperse into minor centres of resistance and mobile parties, carrying out a species of guerilla warfare. How these parties came into existence we cannot be sure, but the Germans complain of the trouble they have caused and also of the stubborn resistance of the men when completely surrounded. The implication is that the Russian soldier retains his old courage; and has acquired a new standard of initiative. The fact that the army as a whole has withdrawn without major disasters or disruption also implies capacity in the higher command and efficient administration.

The Germans have now reached the Stalin Line, the nature of whose defences is still a matter of conjecture. It is believed that it consists of a zone, or zones, of defence in great depth, each zone containing fortified strong points manned by permanent garrisons who fight it out even when surrounded. The defence, however, relies mainly on counter-attacks, in which armoured vehicles play a major part. German defensive theories rather than those of the Maginot system, have evidently been adopted.

In some places the Germans have penetrated into the Stalin defences, but do not appear to have achieved a complete breakthrough anywhere. One or two Panzer formations may have been cut off and annihilated, others probably have received sufficient support to remain a serious threat. On the whole, however, it would seem that by the end of the third week of the war the momentum of the initial advance was lost, and a lull in the fighting on the greater part of the front occurred. That, presumably, meant only a pause for re-organization before further major attempts were made. Many reliefs and

opportunities for resting tank crews and overhaul of vehicles were almost certainly necessary after a period of intense activity.

Leningrad, Moscow and Kief provide objectives dictating the direction of the main German thrusts, but the primary German object is sure to be the disruption of the Russian Army rather than capture of territory. The direction of attack would naturally be towards points the Russians are bound to defend, and to which railways and main roads lead. The most favourable aspect of the situation lies in the fact that the Russians have so far successfully evaded all German attempts to exploit their characteristic envelopment strategy. Russian withdrawal has not apparently been hampered by refugee movements, and that probably is why dive bombing attacks have not produced the same results as in previous campaigns. It would be rash to suggest that the German invasion has been stemmed, but there can be no question that the Russian Army and air arm have acquitted themselves better than the Germans expected. How far Stalin's scorched earth policy has been applied, or has affected the situation, is impossible to judge, but if further retreat becomes necessary the conditions for its application will become increasingly favourable.

At the moment of writing the second round of the contest has just begun and the Germans have been suspiciously quick in claiming great successes just as they were suspiciously slow to make claims during the first advance. The claims too are still somewhat vague and Russian communiqués which, up to date, have been fairly frank and precise, do not suggest a serious breakthrough. One must admit however German talent for rapid recuperation and re-organization; so the second round is likely to be an even more severe test of the Red Army than the first.

COMMANDING THE BLACK SEA

BY ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND

THE German attack on Russia, the five weeks campaign in Syria, and the occupation of Iceland by American military forces are the major events of the last month as far as the sea affair is concerned. The reduced figures of shipping losses afford some ground for encouragement but they cannot be said to have brought the sinkings within the safety limit. They are still above the average for the whole period of the war, and are greater than the replacements of tonnage by building and requisition. They show the need for the greatest possible output of escort ships of all types, of merchant ships, and of armaments and protection of the merchantmen. But they show too that the measures that have been taken in the shipyards and munition factories are bearing fruit, and therefore are a distinct encouragement to all of those concerned in the output to redouble their efforts. Nor are we to assume that the reduction is due solely to the material factors in the struggle, important and essential as they are: it is proper to bear in mind also the increased co-operation between the naval and aerial forces, under a single direction, and the increase of experience on the part of all of those who are engaged in the business of outwitting and overcoming the two principal pests, the submarine and the long distance bomber.

In the great new struggle that has been initiated by Hitler in Russia, and the obvious need, clearly defined by the Prime Minister, for Britain to render every possible aid to our new ally, thoughts turn naturally to the Black Sea. If Germany should obtain command of that sea, and cut off and acquire to her own use the resources of Southern Russia and the Caucasus, the advantages she would derive are only too plain. Unfortunately no direct aid by means of our sea power is, as yet, possible.

An old and difficult problem of British policy is brought once more into view. Whether or not Great Britain can make use of her sea power in the Black Sea depends primarily upon the right of passage of the Dardanelles. For many generations it was the settled policy of British statesmen that it was more consistent with British security that the passage of the Dardanelles should be closed to all warships, so that Russian fleets

should be unable to operate in the Mediterranean and threaten Egypt and the route to the East, than that British fleets should be able to enter and operate in the Black Sea. Thus in 1835, when the Duke of Wellington was asked by the French ambassador which of the alternatives, the closing or the opening of the Straits to men-of-war, he advocated, he replied without a moment's hesitation "To close them: in these waters we are a long way from our resources, the Russians are close to their's.* But as the situation changed during later years in the nineteenth century owing to developments in the Balkans and the Russian advance into Central Asia, so did the outlook. In 1885, when the Pendjeh incident brought Great Britain and Russia within measurable distance of war, it was recognized that the command of the Black Sea would be an important factor in the defence of India against an overland attack; but so long as Turkey should remain neutral and possessed both the right and the power to prevent the entry of men-of-war, this step in Imperial defence was denied to us. In that case, a Dardanelles open for the passage of British ships of war would have served the purpose of security better than a closed Straits.

After the late war the situation was reviewed in the light of the experiences of 1914-18. Turkey had been defeated and it was possible to impose new conditions. Those apprehensions which had been entertained by earlier generations concerning the presence of a Russian fleet in the Mediterranean were felt to be valid no longer. The closing of the Straits had operated with grave disadvantages to Great Britain and her Allies. Thus, it had been impossible to follow the *Goeben* and her consort into the Marmora and destroy them: the influence which they were able to exert, as we remember, was the means of bringing Turkey in on the side of the Central Powers. In the subsequent stages of the war the isolation of Russia, owing to the closing of the door through the Straits, contributed largely to her collapse: the costly Dardanelles expedition was an attempt to break that "blockade." Hence, the Treaty of Sèvres (1919) forbade the fortification of the Dardanelles and threw the Straits open to the ships of all nations. The Treaty of Lausanne three years later (1922) while it amended the earlier treaty in some respects—the abolition of the Capitulations among them—nevertheless confirmed the previous principles of free navigation and non-fortification, in spite of the strong opposition of Russia who had no wish to see the Straits opened to ships of war which could threaten her

* Guizot. *Mémoires* Vol. VI.

position and interests in the Black Sea. So far as Turkish interests and security were concerned, these, it was assumed would be guarded by the collective action visualized under the aegis of the League of Nations.

When Mussolini's Abyssinian adventure in 1936 threatened to bring about a war in the Levant, Kemal Ataturk took advantage of the opportunity it presented to raise once more the question of the fortification of the Straits. This he did with the utmost correctitude, and he could point out with good reason that collective guarantees of security had proved illusory. Turkey could not look to that uncertain source for her safety. She must be able to depend upon her own strength, and the fortification of the Straits was an intrinsic factor in that safety. The resulting treaty permitted the refortification and allowed naval forces, of restricted tonnage and numbers, to pass through the Straits in peace: but if Turkey should at any time consider herself menaced by an imminent danger of war, she had the right to exercise her discretion as to allowing the passage of any men-of-war.

Thus any help which Great Britain might wish to send by sea to Russia in the Black Sea could go thither only with Turkey's permission and we are bound to recognize that she would expose herself to grave danger now if she were to give that permission.

Apart, however, from this obstacle the position which Germany has established for herself in the Aegean double locks the door to the Black Sea against British naval forces. The invasion of Crete gave evidence of the power of aircraft to operate against naval vessels when acting in large numbers from near-by bases. As the guns of the Gallipoli forts say "No" to the passage of ships through the Straits, so the swarms of aircraft in Greece and several of the islands emphasize that "No" in the approaches, whether one looks on them in the light of long distance artillery or that of active flotilla units of a navy. Thus Germany made a sound preparation for her attack on Russia. Her occupation of Greece and the islands served the double purpose of commanding the approaches to the Straits through which aid might be sent by the sea Power to Russia and placed her in a position to threaten Turkey and thus ensure her maintenance of a closed Strait.

The Baltic is also closed. The submarine, the mine and the aircraft have deprived Great Britain of the power to render that help she was able to give in the past, when British fleets of ships of the line were able, from 1715 to 1726, to preserve

Sweden, Norway and Denmark from invasion across the sea and, in the Napoleonic wars, to co-operate with the Northern Powers against the Emperor.

The form which aid must take has therefore to be of a different kind. With the resources which Germany can draw from the European States she has conquered, the blockade cannot be expected to produce any results that will relieve Russia in the present critical time. The extent to which Russia needs munitions from outside sources is not known, but we have seen her throwing out a request to the United States for supplies. The only channel of supply is Vladivostok and it remains to be seen whether an attempt will be made in the Far East to close it. Thus the intensified attacks by the Royal Air Force on Western Germany and the occupied territories are the principal form of direct assistance to our new ally; while seconding it is the sinking of enemy merchant ships which carry troops and supplies to the Axis armies in North Africa and transport goods by the coastal routes. An extra strain is thereby caused to the internal distributing system of Germany, hampered as it is by the damage done to railway junctions and canal systems. At the same time the Battle of the Atlantic notwithstanding the losses that are still being suffered, is keeping open the line of supply of weapons across the ocean. The occupation of Iceland by United States forces is an indication of the determination of the President that that route shall not be unduly interrupted.

The successful conclusion of the five weeks campaign for the eradication of German poison from Syria should prove a strengthening of our efforts at sea, for many of our valuable and much needed light craft, those maids of all work the destroyers, have had to be employed in co-operating with the army, preventing Vichy-sent reinforcements from reaching Syria and giving tactical aid to the land forces. Freed from those duties and from the Red Sea also through the final clearing up of the situation in Eritrea and Abyssinia, more attention may become possible to the mid-Mediterranean where the British submarines and aircraft have been achieving some very useful destruction of transport vessels maintaining the Axis armies in Libya. So once more the interaction of the naval and military forces becomes evident. The successes of the army help the navy to obtain and exercise the command of the sea. The successes of the navy enable the army to reach and to operate in these distant theatres in which, in all our struggles so much of our efforts are bound to be exerted.

THE HUDSON CENTENARY

BY SIR WILLIAM BEACH THOMAS

THE Argentine estancia, where W. H. Hudson was born just a hundred years ago, is likely for many generations to remain a vivid picture in the minds of those who love to partake of the well of English undefiled. He describes it with affectionate fidelity and intimate detail in the most popular and perhaps the best of his books, *Far Away and Long Ago*. He was particular about titles, and this title may owe something to Wordsworth's "Far-off things and battles long ago." It would make an interesting theme to compare Wordsworth's recollections of his youth with Hudson's autobiography, which concerns his life only up to the age of 18 or so. Wordsworth said that the cataract haunted him "like a passion." The tree haunted Hudson in very much the same passionate way. The book begins with an account of the line of Ombú trees and "*the Tree*" which stood in isolated splendour close to the door. That strange, huge, primitive and almost useless tree, the Ombu, has become more familiar to English ears than almost any foreign species thanks to the several, detailed and even dramatic accounts of it in a number of passages in Hudson's works. The volume that he first called *El Ombú* opens with one of the best short stories in the language. He was always possessed with a sort of passion for trees. He suggests in a letter written late in his life that he himself thought highly of his account of tree-worship in his story of *The Old Thorn*. It is an odd chance that the first time I saw Hudson, he asked me to help him find a small cottage in the country. He said that there was only one essential: there must be a tree in the garden; and he meant by a tree a real tree with a columnar trunk and satisfactory branches. He was, one may say, subdued to what he worked in: he resembled a tree in his dignity and naturalness of growth. Another likeness to Wordsworth has occurred to me more than once. In a charming essay on the poet, Hutton (of *Spectator* fame) puts the poetry aside and insists on the strong, masculine, human, practical character of the man; and quotes his mother that

William would have succeeded in anything he took up. He did take up poetry and made himself an immortal success.

Now, Hudson's chief biographer, Mr. Morley Roberts, who himself was man first and author afterwards, was so anxious to prove and emphasize the natural humanity and personal grandeur of Hudson that he laid perhaps too little stress on some of his accomplishments in literature. It may be that he overdid the thesis, though his *Life or Portrait of Hudson* is a glorious essay in honest biography. The volume entitled *Men, Books and Birds* consists of letters from and to Hudson. Nearly all concern banalities and have very little reference to the things in which Hudson was particularly interested. The reason is perhaps that Mr. Morley Roberts, to whom all Hudson's letters are addressed, cared little for birds and trees and a great deal for scientific and philosophic subjects that struck no spark in Hudson's emotions. He was, indeed, in relation to some subjects almost a Philistine. Though he at one time wished to be artist as well as musician, he labels even art as "futile" in one of the letters. There are many people with whom Hudson may be compared. Like Mr. Street, he owes a great debt to his double experience in the Americas and England. The comparison of the old and quiet and homely beauty of England with the broad spaces and rough life across the Atlantic is inherent in a very great deal of his best work.

Doubtless Mr. Morley Roberts was right in insisting on Hudson's humanity. We are apt to think of poets and writers of such fine, delicate stuff as Hudson's, as of men who are to be found only in their compositions, as belonging to the class of authors who are rather more than women and rather less than men. One could not meet Hudson without feeling at once the fine repose, the richness and strong individuality of the man. There was a time, as I well remember, when the news that Hudson was very poor found its way into London society which at the same time began to hear of his writings. A group of great ladies, whose hearts were rather stronger than their heads, got up a subscription for "this great white soul"—that was the phrase, I think—and offered the collected money to Hudson. It was of course entirely refused. He endured poverty, even when his health was at its worst, with unrepining patience.

A biographer of Hudson might have some difficulty in deciding whether the chapters in his life should follow events or spiritual experiences. It may be very truly said of him: *Caelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt*. Certainly

the most important things in his life were mental crises. He may be said to have undergone three. Up to the age of about eight years he had a very vivid but wholly physical delight in natural beauty: in flowers, in birds, in trees, in sunsets and the rest. Then there came over him the sense of a supernatural presence in natural things. This was so strong at times that it almost frightened him. Whereas Wordsworth felt that we come into the world "trailing clouds of glory" Hudson, himself pointing out the contrast, avers that he did not begin to trail the clouds till he was eight years old and maintained their glory to the end of his life. When he was about fifteen years old, he was caught in foul weather while driving a bunch of cattle from a distant estancia. The result was severe rheumatic fever which so prostrated the overgrown, lanky boy that his health was despaired of; and the doctors with little technical or psychological wisdom gave him to understand that he might die at any time of a damaged heart. This illness and the books which he read about the same time produced in him a strange mental state; but out of it, thanks in part both to Darwin and White's *Selborne*, he found a philosophy of life that never afterwards deserted him and was of infinite value both to what he was and to what he wrote. In the midst of his distress he experienced what would be called in another reference a sudden and distinct "conversion." The passage in which he describes this may well be famous in biographical literature:

The feeling of which I was becoming more and more conscious, which was a mystery to me, especially at certain moments, would come upon me with a sudden rush. So powerful it was, so unaccountable, I was actually afraid of it, yet I would go out of my way to seek it. At the hour of sunset I would go out half a mile or so from the house, and sitting on the dry grass with hands clasped round my knees, gaze at the western sky, waiting for it to take me. And I would ask myself: "What does it mean?" They [the books he had been reading] did not tell me in so many words that it was the mystical faculty in me which produced those strange rushes or bursts of feeling and lifted me out of myself at moments; but what I found in their words was sufficient to show me that the feeling of delight in Nature was an enduring one, that others had known it, and that it had been a secret source of happiness throughout their lives.

A like sense of mysticism overwhelmed Richard Jefferies, not in his youth but in middle age; and he wrote *The Story of my Heart* which many people, including his publisher, held to be much the greatest of his books, though to others it seemed an almost meaningless jargon.

The third crisis befell Hudson while he was lying ill in

London. By some mental process which he could not trace, the previously vague landscape of his early life became vivid and particular as if a mist in the valley had cleared and a bright sun thrown every feature into relief. He at once set to work on the chapter of autobiography which he called *Far Away and Long Ago*. It is certainly by far the most challenging of all his writings; and the touch of mysticism does not, as in Jefferies, produce any vagueness nor does it interfere with his natural skill in simple narrative.

By the time he began to write this book he had nearly surmounted the steep and sterile hill that faces many of those who come to London to earn a living by their pen. He had at first bombarded literary agents and newspapers with manuscripts and the results were meagre and disheartening. Like another would-be journalist he had much need of the advice given by an old hand, "Don't be afraid of boomerangs." Most of his articles were boomerangs; and the fact is not surprising. There was nothing insistent or challenging in Hudson's work, and it concerned those things about which most urban editors were a little cool. His first book, *The Purple Land*, was treated by some weekly magazines very much like Keats' first volume by quarterly reviewers. But his critics were more perverse than the editors. The book, though youthful and rather formless has a vigour, a humanity, and a freshness that ought to appeal at first sight to any student of literature. When he did earn an extra pound or two he set forth, not unlike Cobbett, to see England; but he journeyed on his feet or later, on a bicycle, not on the horse that he had ridden daily in the Argentine. Cobbett habitually wrote of London as the Wen. Hudson is content to call it the wilderness, but under his milder phrase lies a much deeper distaste for all that any town entails than ever touched the spirit of that bellicose journalist, Peter Porcupine.

These expeditions into the country which increased in time and thoroughness as prosperity increased gave him the material for the best of his books. Apart from those volumes which announce in their titles that particular districts—such as Hampshire and Cornwall—were under pilgrimage most of the lesser books such as *Birds and Man* and *A Traveller in Little Things* are in essence records of his excursions out of London. It may be said that he used the money earned by his less good work to supply the material for his best work.

Except for the autobiography of his youth, about which there are no two opinions, it is still under dispute where his

genius found the fullest scope. His almost bird-like heroine, Rima (whose plaque is in Hyde Park), brought him his widest fame; and *Green Mansions* earned a sufficient yearly income in the United States to banish poverty. Most of us think of Hudson as a sort of Gilbert White, a clear, faithful chronicler of the English scene and the English country folk. The story of *Green Mansions* is set in Venezuela which Hudson did not visit and among forests quite outside his experience. Now Hudson came to England at the age of 27 or 28, after his father's death and never returned to South America. He said that his life ended at that point; but he knew that he was reborn, and the second life lasted for almost exactly twice as long as the first. England altogether conquered him, but the wide spaces of South America remained a vivid dream and set loose his imagination into forms quite alien to his English work. *Afoot in England*, *Hampshire Days*, *A Shepherd's Life*, and for its revelation of the width of Hudson's philosophy, *A Hind in Richmond Park* will remain the best Hudson. Among the many eccentricities of his character was a hatred of anniversaries. He concealed the date of his birth—disclosed to be August 4, 1841, and the date of his marriage—to a singer and lodging house keeper in 1876; and he hated any reference to his days of poverty and frustration, which finally came to an end towards the end of the century. He had 25 years of felt success. He lived to the very end in the present and in the future, keeping a certain boyish zest in all he saw and heard and read. His Argentine past belonged to a different man, though he did not love Argentina less for his love of England. Indeed memory added to his affection.

Where are we to place Hudson in the list of English writers? Does he belong chiefly to this generation or does he "beacon from the abode where the immortals are"? An envious critic might plausibly deny the greatness of Hudson's complete works. From one aspect they are occasional and a little scrappy. He wrote a sort of textbook on ornithology *A Naturalist in La Plata*; he wrote essays, not always of great distinction; he wrote a few books of a sort of fiction, and in spite of its merits the best of these, *Green Mansions*, is not perhaps a success as a work of art. He wrote a chapter of autobiography which stopped half way and lastly his books of travel are not in any way connected with one another. They may be called spasmodic.

Any one of his books is open to arm-chair criticism. He was a lover of birds but not a biologist. He delighted in flowers

but was no botanist. He was interested in racial types, but was no ethnologist. Even if we grant the superficial correctness of such criticism, the *advocatus diaboli* still has no case. It has been said by way of praise of more than one great writer that he had "a fire in his belly." He was driven to expression by some inner force that was irresistible. Hudson was not an internal combustion engine, working by noisy explosions and with excess of noise. He more nearly resembled a ship driven forward by the wind. His sail bellied to breezes that might have been scarcely noticed by grosser craft. His prow moved through the waters with a musical ripple, each of which rocked the light like an April shower at the setting of the sun. He had a virtue or a source of inspiration that was in its way supreme. Like many naturalists he was made a naturalist by the extreme acuity of his senses. They were almost his whole motive power. It is a mistake to regard Hudson as in the first place an ornithologist, though the mistake is often made. Birds delighted him as such bright, lively, aerial creatures must. They are lovely in colour, form and habit belonging with equal fitness to the earth and the air. Their song has a music of its very own, entirely unrelated to human music; and Hudson's ears were as fine as his eyes. He said more than once that he often longed to express himself in music but his education failed to offer him that outlet for his sense of beauty.

We know that his aural memory was altogether exceptional. He never forgot a bird's song even though he went thirty years without hearing it, and he could identify most birds from a chirp or a call note. These acute senses associated with such a temperament and character as Hudson's glorified everything he saw: a bird, a flower, a tree, a sunset, an earth-borne scent or a person. I happened to read lately Hudson's account of a stonechat on a gorse bush and of a woman gathering samphire. Exactly the same qualities went to the making of the two portraits, and in general his descriptions of people are more unforgettable than any of his records of birds. There is one of two gipsylike children on a seashore which gave peculiar pleasure to Galsworthy who has praised Hudson with more insight than any other writer. The senses are the truest inspirers of style. You can scarcely find in Hudson a phrase that is rough and awkward or a word that is forced or precious, or a thought that goes near to banality. "Beauty born of murmuring sound" passed straight into the words that the sound inspired. So full of glory were the sights and sounds and scents of nature when they coalesced with a certain

hood that he fell as he says more than once into a mystical state. He became a part of that which he saw, and ever afterwards he was attended by the splendour of the vision. This capacity for rising to a state of ecstasy in the contemplation of natural objects or phenomena exercised one rather unexpected influence on his habits. We all know the sort of disillusionment that may follow a visit to a place that we had not seen since childhood: the hills have flattened, the trees are dwarfed, the beauty looks commonplace and the fairy atmosphere is altogether dissipated. As Browning said in his rough way: "But flame? The bush is bare," or, as Wordsworth said more delicately, "There hath passed away a glory from the earth." Hudson had this feeling about almost all the places that he visited. He disliked to revisit any of them, because the second impression never equalled the first and more than this, it dimmed the brightness of the memory. He was afraid that he could not be able to "recapture the first fine careless rapture," or, if you please, to "beget the golden time again." The capture and the gold were what mattered to him supremely and they generally came through the impact of his senses. He makes continual reference to the quality of sense in different people. He noted the fine and subtle sense of smell in young children; and the dull hearing of people who live in towns. He could have hailed with delight the verdict of the evacuated child, who said that "there were so many sounds in the country. In the town you could not hear the sounds for the noise."

Hudson must be judged very much as a poet is judged, by the strength of the separate inspirations. This does not mean that there is anything poetic about his diction. His skill lay, not in any conscious choice of words, but in the simple-seeming—though rare and difficult art—of direct narrative. Very few writers in the whole list equal him in this quality. He wrote a deal of verse and often rewrote passages of prose more than once. He was indeed a conscious artist; and in one book, *A Crystal Age*, printed anonymously in 1887, two years after *The Purple Land that England Lost*, he was almost precious. Nevertheless he may be heralded as the most natural of writers, whose words come direct from the inspired mood, and such moods survived even in the octogenarian who lay dying in his beloved Penzance, where his literary executor found the final and virtually indecipherable folios of *A Hind in Richmond Park*.

GILLES DE RETZ

By SIDNEY KEYES

MARSHAL of France. The prancing horses
And banners licking the air. I tell you now,
Standing in pride who have no bright cuirass,
That was not half the glory, not a jot of it.
Now, velvet-draped like a coffin with nothing inside
But the echo of nails, remembering the hammer's
Talk in an empty vault, all I can do is tell you
God's mercy to me when I was alive.
I have seen angels marching—others also
Armed but all strong as morning, among the trumpets;
Though I am young, God's anger like a woman
Fought by my side three years, then was extinguished
In flame, the old sign, the old blazon shining.
It comes strange ways, the pure divine anger,
Piercing your safety like a lancet, or perhaps
A flat knife working for years behind the eyes,
Distorting vision. That is the worst of all.
Or a boy's voice flowering out of silence
Rising through choirs to the ear's whorled shrine
And living there, a light.

What if I sought that glory
When sign forgotten, fire had darkened my image
Of pure bright anger? What if indeed I danced
Another figure, seeking pain's intricate
Movements to weave that holy exultation?
Knife in the head before, now in the hand
Makes little difference. Pain is never personal;
As love or anger unconfined, it takes
Part in each moment and person, unconditioned
By time or identity, like an atmosphere.
There is no giving or receiving, only
Pain and creation coming out of pain.
Now I have made you angry; but think of this—
Which is the stronger, my pain or your love,
(Old men like towers separate in the evening?

Six score in a year, I tell you. The high white bed,
Cæsar's pleasures, and the dry well. See
How I believed in pain, how near I got
To living pain, regaining my lost image
Of hard perfection, sexless and immortal.
Nearer than you to living love, to knowing
The community of love without giving or taking
Or ceasing or the need of change. At least
I knew this in my commonwealth of pain.
You, knowing neither, burn me and fear my agony
And never learn any better kind of love.
Six score, then raising Lucifer by guile,
I sinned. It was unnecessary; so
It is for you to punish me. But remember
Never a man of you fought as I those years
Beside the incarnation of mortal pride
The yearning of immortals for the flesh.
Nor will you ever feel God's finger
Probing your soul's anatomy, as I
Have been dissected these five years; for never
Since Christ has any man made pain so glorious
As I, nor dared to seek salvation
Through love with such long diligence as I through pain.

Have mercy, Lord, on misdirected worship,
On this soul dressed for death in hot black velvet.
Bishop of Nantes, cover the Cross.

THE POET AND WAR

BY RICHARD CHURCH

I MIGHT have called this study "Apollo and his Half-brother." Though Apollo, the god of art, and Ares, the god of war, had the same bohemian old gentleman for father, they were conceived and nurtured by different mothers. And that is important. It accounts for much. It accounts for a certain coolness between the two; a certain critical attitude. It is that critical attitude which I propose to illustrate.

This attitude may be further defined by a quotation from *King Lear*. You will remember there the relationship between the two sons of the Duke of Gloucester, Edgar his heir, and the bastard Edmund. They may be compared again with Apollo, or poetry, and Ares, or war. Many other parallels might be drawn. We might say that Edgar and Apollo represent Order, Law, Civilization, and a controlled self-expression; while Ares and Edmund represent Disorder, Chaos, savagery, and the free vent of animal passions.

Listen first to Edmund. He is still in subjection, still the obsequious creature about the court of his father. But he already knows his purposes, and his hates and resentments are firmly settled in his warped mind. He enters the scene with a letter in his hand. It is the letter of deception, the first weapon which he lifts against society, with a view to making himself master and tyrant of it. His allegiance is elsewhere. He says:

Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue, why brand they us
With base, base bastardy?
Who in the lusty stealth of nature take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth within a stale, dull, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween a sleep and wake. Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, *I must have your land . . .*

There is the whole nature of the warmonger; there, too, his consciousness of inferiority toward his brother, the poet and sawmaker. And you see his early determination to steal what he is too lazy and incompetent to work for. *I must have your land.* That phrase has a modern ring about it. We know what horrors this Edmund worked to fulfil his purpose. They must not concern us at present.

No, what concerns us is the conduct of his half-brother Edgar; or I should say the conduct and the character of Edgar, the man of thought, of gentleness, of delayed action; Edgar, whom I use to-day as the symbol for the poet. And what does he do when threatened? What is his reaction to the violence, the land-grabbing, the rape and bestiality? At first, before his sense of duty and his indignation are roused, he slips away to the woods, and soliloquises as follows.

..... While I may 'scape
I will preserve myself, and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape
That ever penury in contempt of man
Brought near to beast; my face I'll grime with filth,
Blanket my loins, elf all my hair with knots,
And with presented nakedness out-face
The wind and persecution of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who with roaring voices
Strike in their numbed and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity. Poor Turlygod! Poor Tom!

Poor Tom! That is what the poet becomes when society breaks down, and violence is let loose. It is what the Americans call 'playing 'possum.' It is the technique adopted by the Greaser Rabbit, who, as Uncle Remus tells us, "lay low, and say 'nothin'." But meanwhile, so long as war rages, "Tom's acold! Who gives anything to poor Tom?"

Now what is the moral value, and what is the ethical justification, of this attitude of passive defence? At first sight, this escaping and trick of camouflage is not a noble spectacle. It appears fantastic, cowardly, impractical. If the average citizen behaved like that, where would right and justice be? We don't know, because the average citizen *does not* behave like that. His response to oppression is more immediate, more primitive. The act of aggression breeds aggression, and a temporary simplification of spiritual interests, possibly even of spiritual

values, orders the conduct of human affairs. Most of the refinements of those interests and those values are put into storage, put into the library, until the angry, frightened but determined citizen has driven off the intruder.

Now I am exploring a difficult aspect of reality. I want to point out that the poet, for eleven hours out of twelve, and in ninety-nine out of a hundred of his reactions to his environment, is an average citizen. As such, he responds to the claims of wartime conditions in the same way as other people. We see him to-day playing his due social part in the war-effort; as soldier, airman, sailor, and civil defender. He can no more escape these duties than can the scientist, with whom he has so much in common.

It is almost a commonplace to speak of pure poetry, and pure science, as being the *desideratum*; and I need not labour that truth. Only the most gross of Philistines, of materialists, would scoff at this fundamental idea.

But in maintaining this idea, we must not allow ourselves to departmentalize the whole nature of the poet and the scientist. Each of these seekers after truth can give, in the process of that search, occasional reports on his progress that have utility value. The poet can advise the legislator and the moralist. The scientist can advise the manufacturer and the hygienist. And of course these social intermediary functions of the two interact. Nothing can be done *in vacuo*.

And nothing can be done without a base. The courage of the seeker after truth, is a motive force which has a common root. Its root is that animal courage which the average man displays in time of war. Aristotle, in his *Ethics*, examines this common, everyday courage, the self-defence against pain, and he finds in it the nucleus of that true courage which he says is inspired by desire for the noble, the beautiful, and the good. Thus, says Aristotle, virtue arises out of the natural passions. I would add that virtue, with poetry, with pure science, is another of the divinely useless things, which in time of physical disaster, such as war, are brushed aside, out of the way, by the utilitarian.

Now I am still struggling with a difficult piece of dissection. I have shown the poet, and his fellow-prophet the scientist, in an ideal function. And I have shown how that function can rarely be exercised because human society insists upon quick results and immediate applications. That insistence is speeded up in wartime. Now the fact that this ideal function articulates in faculties based on the common passions of mankind,

enables the poet and the scientist to respond, as they are responding to-day, to the demand of society that for once they shall become utilitarian. The poets turn their talent to propaganda, and the scientists turn their talents to the improvement of explosives. But they are lost souls, damned souls, unless in their hearts they maintain an afterthought, a reservation, by which their latent uselessness is maintained, in all its full fantasy, its derisive criticism, its energetic anarchy.

This reservation is a most necessary force, and a saving grace. It is the fabulous grain of mustard seed of which Christ spoke. It may be trodden underfoot by armies, rolled into the mud under the caterpillars of the mechanized forces; but it waits there, and sometimes even bursts into life during wartime, bursts into life and flowers as the symbol of freedom, and the quiet triumph of the individual soul.

In one of his pronouncements on the nature of poetry, Wordsworth emphasized that:

In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs, in spite of things silently gone out of mind, *and things violently destroyed*, the poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread out over the whole earth, and over all time.

Now that is a long-term investment. It does not sound too attractive to administrators engaged in whipping up a nation to the necessities of wartime psychology. *In spite of things violently destroyed*—and this refers to things spiritual as well as things material—the ordinary man is to be affected by the poet not toward vengeance and retaliation, but to an effort to bridge all differences and misunderstandings. How then, is he to be differentiated from a fifth columnist? Cannot his detachment be misinterpreted as treachery? That it is not so interpreted is due to the fact that this detachment is an activity not of the whole man, not of the man bent and volunteered to a national and social purpose, but of that small, persistent fraction of self where the grain of mustard seed is lodged, where the idleness, the uselessness, the essential poet lurk almost in hiding. For the time being, the man is given over to experience. And in this respect all experience is a kind of crucifixion, through which in suffering and betrayal he is submitted to death, and a period of entombment. Merely to live is to be crucified. To think, and to fertilize the imagination, is the arising from that tomb of experience. It is an arising to a divine irresponsibility, in which the inexorable cause and effect are sublimated into larger significances; an arising in which

there is no retribution and no consequence, because everything, within self and without self, is unified and simultaneous.

I hold no brief for the poet, or the scientist, trying to dodge the experiences and responsibilities of everyday life—at present a grim, exacting everyday life. Indeed, I want to emphasize that his destiny, the very food of his diviner uselessness, must be found in that usual, commonplace service to his more elementary needs and to his fellowmen. *But*—and this is all important; this is what differentiates him in degree, if not in kind, from other people,—he must never relinquish that full consciousness of himself as a sort of mercenary soldier of this world, hired for a purpose and for a prescribed time. He must believe that mercenary soldiers fight the best because of their detachment, and the remoteness of their loyalties. I believe that A. E. Housman had this in mind when he wrote his epitaph on an army of Mercenaries. I suspect that he used the idea to symbolize the queer, betwixt and between position of the poet in the concert of humanity.

So much for the mental and emotional reservations of the poet in relation to his civic duties. Those reservations are a means of salvation for the creative spirit within him. They do not divide his nature. They maintain its unity and its sense of proportion. They preserve in his imagination the sense of universal sympathy without which the poet is restricted, a singer behind prison walls.

How do those reservations work? They work in two ways: in the first, consciously; and in the second, unconsciously.

As an example of their conscious activity, I will quote a letter written by Byron to the English Consul at Prevesa soon after his arrival at Missalonghi. There he stood, a sort of eidolon before the whole world, the romantic partizan of the idea of Freedom. But with all that partizanship, this is what he wrote to the Consul:

Coming to Greece, one of my principal objects was to alleviate as much as possible the miseries incident to a warfare so cruel as the present. When the dictates of humanity are in question, I know no difference between Turks and Greeks. It is enough that those who want assistance are men, in order to claim the pity and protection of the meanest pretender to humane feelings. I have found here twenty-four Turks, including women and children, who have long pined in distress, far from the means of support and the consolations of their home. The Government has consigned them to me; I transmit them to Prevesa, whither they desire to be sent. I hope you will not object to take care that they may be restored to a place of safety, and that the Governor of your town may accept of my present. The best recompense I could hope for would be to find that I had inspired the Ottoman

commanders with the same sentiments towards those unhappy Greeks who may hereafter fall into their hands.

That letter is the expression of normal humane sentiment. It is also something more. It is the voice of the creative spirit, which is the same both in poet and scientist; ever sympathetic, ever full of acceptance, ever exploratory of new material to feed the inward craving for synthesis, for making something true, something beautiful, something of universal application.

Consciously expressed, as I have shown, this reservation has a moral, and an ethical voice; one which in wartime puts the poet amongst those few members of the community who are throwing a thought forward to the ultimate rebuilding of society, and to the making of a just peace in which the poison of rancour and revenge shall be minimized. In this the poet is a deliberate remembrancer of the common claim of all peoples to humane treatment, and to a general relationship larger than the machinery of nationalism can provide. In being such a remembrancer, he is perhaps extrapoetical; a moralist rather, and therefore a partizan. Of the more intangible self, the essential poet, who makes wartime reservations, but makes them unconsciously and from a more interior depth of his nature, I shall speak in a moment. First I want to give an example of this other force, this conscious force, in which the poet applies himself, as Byron did in that letter, to an impassioned pleading for gentleness before a world given up to violence. If it is only secondarily poetic, it is eminently heroic. My example is taken from the work of a modern poet, Mr. George Rostrevor Hamilton, whose muse is normally a religious one; cultured, gentle, traditional; reminiscent of that of George Herbert. Here is a short lyric called *Material Greatness*:

O warlike dust, your tiniest grain
Vibrates, advances, grows and swells,
Pushing its territorial gain
Through stellar space; invading tells
Its greatness can admit no goal
Less than the vast mechanic whole.
O vast machine, devoid of life,
Your splendours but reverse the tale,
Dissolving in atomic strife
And smallness on a giant scale:
Dwindles the mere mechanic whole,
A dwarf besides man's living soul.

Now that denial of the "mere mechanic whole" was written at the outbreak of war, when the German machine began to

rumble and crash over the bones of Europe. Here again, a superficial interpretation of such sentiment might say that this is just wishful thinking. We can grant that. But it is much more. It is poetic thinking, and it is scientific thinking, in so far as it takes the long view toward the end of the experiment.

And now let us try to look at that element or attitude in the poet's make-up which I have called the unconscious reservation. At first sight, so far as such an elusive process *can* be seen, it has something unpleasant about it. It does not seem quite honest. It does not seem adult or dignified. The very unconsciousness of it appears to be a pose, a feigned madness. One of the last lyrics written by W. B. Yeats is a comment and a justification of this life of feigned madness; a feigning that is real because the Narcissism which promotes it reflects more than the image of the gazing poet. The old poet Yeats, worn out with work and sickness, cried

I sing what was lost and dread what was won,
I walk in a battle fought over again,
My king a lost king, and lost soldiers my men;
Feet to the Rising and Setting may run,
They always beat on the same small stone.

That is the view of the author of the *Iliad*. It is that also of Shakespeare, who through his jesters and zanies emphasizes again and again that the ambitions of this world, with the disasters and false triumphs which they involve, come down in the end to a few simplicities. The feet of Alexander's and of Hitler's armies "always beat on the same small stone." Homer built upon this axiom the whole structure of his implied criticism of human and divine interplay of events. The irresponsibility of his gods, and the confusion with which their interference made the already confused human affairs worse confounded, is the imaginative representation of a universe beyond our understanding or our control. Thomas Hardy, in the architectonics of his great war-drama, *The Dynasts*, did the same thing. He and Homer posited a universal anarchism which leaves the functioning of virtue to local opportunity, and what is most important, *to unlimited variety and power*. In this respect, all poets, and most notably the author of *King Lear*, are anarchic. And the reason for this is that, in their deepest and furthest vision, they are speaking not out of a moral, conscious self, but out of a divine madness; the madness which, during times of catastrophe is their shelter (as it was Edgar's), and afterwards, when they are called upon to legislate to the universe, is their authority. In that day of re-sorting, of organ-

izing human society afresh, the poet's non-partizanship, his absurd irresponsibility, are the only survivals which may be trusted.

Without doubt, this manifestation of the poet's genius is an egoism, and it must be recognized as such, just as it must be recognized that the lily is rooted in mud. The more we consider this, the more absurd and miraculous it becomes to our minds that crave for a logical progression. Here the mysterious spirit of creative force appears to be working in cycles. We see the most blind, instinctive psychological state to be at the same time the most self-contemplative. And there is no means, no moral means, for the poet to evade this attitude. He must always be the serpent with its tail in its mouth.

This is the condition of mind which puts the poet out of step with the rest of the war-stricken community. By reason of the fact that at all times he has, for the purposes of his work, to exploit his emotional reaction to experience, the poet is always different from other people; but at times of great stress and excitement, that difference is accentuated. The afterthought, the reservation, the deliberate aloofness, which in normal times seem merely odd, become in wartime almost uncanny. Wordsworth, sitting amongst the ruins of the Bastille, is an eternal symbol of the poet, and of the poet's whole conduct and psychological process. He must have appeared inhuman both to the horrified and to the over-jubilant French as he lingered there, as he describes the scene,

Where silent zephyrs sported with the dust
Of the Bastille, I sate in the open sun,
And from the rubbish gathered up a stone,
And pocketed the relic, in the guise
Of an enthusiast; yet, in honest truth,
I looked for something that I could not find,
Affecting more emotion than I felt.

What is the cause of that affectation; what is the need for it? We might ask a thousand questions about it; whether it is the signal of insincerity, of selfishness, of a hopeless tangle of all straightforward impulses, a tangle brought about by the artist's vocation, with its complicated processes of churning up the raw material of everyday life; buying and selling the privacies of the human soul. Some moralists might generalize about all poets, all artists, by calling them prostitutes of the spirit; and it may be that Plato had this in mind when he proposed to exclude them from his ideal republic.

I do not believe that this condemnation is right, though it is

universal and implicit in the attitude of the public, and of people in authority, toward the poet. The strange, haunted creature "looking for something that he cannot find; affecting more emotion than he feels," is an example of this dreadful force which I have called the unconscious reservation. Commanded by this force, the poet becomes a sort of reporter in eternity, not only of events, but of the causes and results of those events. The gloom, pessimism, and horror of his conscious self and his conscious judgment are lost in the joy and eternal hope of his innocent unconscious self, while giving it body and experience. In a poem of my own, also written in wartime, I will show that reporter at work, moving amongst his fellowmen, once more anonymous with them, a good team-worker and participant.

Ride up the hill a little, and then turn
To look on the destruction. You will see
Poor Shakespeare with a bullet in his throat;
And a scarred Cross, the relic of a Faith.
All will be silence in your solitude;
The last child dead, the mutilated woman
Huddled and motionless. You knew that woman.
She was the mother of a million men.
A million more lie cheated in her womb.
She's fallen amongst the wild flowers, near the child,
The generation of spring, the fragrant carpet
Of Hope, old earth's reassurance of life.
It will be best to hope. You would stoop down
And pick a primrose splashed with human blood,
And set the symbol in your bandolier
Just where the tunic gapes above the wound,
The wounded mind that will for ever bleed,
Forever drain you of the power to love,
To cherish anything for more than a day.
That will not matter. Your generations knows
The worst that can befall the race of man.
You have seen his work, his best; and you have seen
Poor Shakespeare with a bullet in his throat;
Your son, your mother flung into the dust;
All general glory and all private treasure
Tossed out, and trampled on, and done to death.
Ride on, my brother, still higher up the hill.
Then look again, and tell me what you see.

(This article is extracted from a lecture delivered before the Royal Institution on April 29.)

MALE VOICE

BY H. L. V. FLETCHER

WHEN they have an eisteddfod in some places there's particular they are. You'd think it was the National. Rules about this and rules about that. You get so worried you're nearly afraid to sing case you've opened your mouth wrong jaw first.

When we go to Elan we're all friends together and we're not particular a bit about little things that don't matter. One too much or one too small in the Male Voice and nobody says a word. And if the adjudicator puts on his glasses and looks as if he's counting, somebody leans over and whispers in his ear, and they nod at one another and sit back, hands in lap, contented-like.

It's the Male Voice Parties that's the best items in Elan. Reciting's all right, and solos, and so are the duets and quartettes, but it's the Male Voice is the one that seems to shake your insides and sends shivers down your back, like it was the Trump of Doom itself and the Archangel Gabriel blowing his horn echoing from the hilltops. There's grand it is: the second basses roaring mightily, a deep roaring like lions, or thunder echoing down a valley; the first basses a bit louder and not so deep; the second tenors pretty middling, too; but it's the first tenors with sweet high notes, like it might be a silver trumpet, singing your soul up out of your inside into the heavens themselves.

There's never enough first tenors. Not good ones.

The eisteddfod at Elan is held in the early spring just before the lambing season starts, and it's held in the Town Hall. Chapel is all right for a guild tea or an anniversary, but there's got to be room for the eisteddfod, people sometimes coming twenty, thirty, forty mile for the Champion Solo. The place is so full as a potato tump at Christmas.

And all the places round, there's busy they are. About October, one Sunday night after Chapel, Rees, Dolwern, stops coming out for a word here and there with the young chaps, and a few days later they come clumping into the school, all

muck on their boots, about eight o'clock. The oil lamp is lit and a bit of fire left in the stove, and it's warmish and nobody says anything about singing, but there's a lot of talk about oats, and the prices the lambs made in the sales and there's disgraceful they were; or maybe a couple of young ones saying something dark about a girl after Chapel.

Mr. Smart, the schoolmaster, is sitting at the piano, twiddling a bit here and a bit there and staring up at the lamp like as if he didn't know anybody was in the room. He's a little, small runt of a chap and getting on now, but there's a good many tidy-aged chaps as have had their backsides tanned by him more than once. He isn't much to look at, but there, as they say, you can't expect beauty and brains for the money, and he's supposed to be wonderful clever.

We'd wonder sometimes, a English chap like he, bachelor and all, and very clever, coming to teach school in a quiet, old, Welsh village, but he's been there years and years now, and there he'll stay, no danger, till he can't teach no more, and the Education give him a pension.

And you'd not know he was English always, neither. When we was *crwts* in school he'd carry on desperate about the woes of the Welsh and how their land was took, and battles and wars, and about chaps like Owen Glendwr and Llewellyn the Last, till we'd feel the tears in our throats and howling savage to get at an Englishman and lay him out. Any Englishman would have done so long as he was English, that mad we'd be.

We forgot there was an Englishman right in front of us.

He could play the piano a treat, too, lovely pieces like Handel and Bach and *The Lost Chord* and *Where is my Wandering Boy Tonight*, and when Miss Jones, the Pentre, was sick he'd play in Chapel, too, and he'd make those old bellows rattle some odd rate.

He hadn't got a voice the worth of a rusty crosscut saw, but he always played for the Male Voice ready for the eisteddfod at Elan, and sometimes he'd play there, too, though they always got a good accompanist from away, somebody swanky with letters after their names.

Rees, Dolwern, was the conductor, but Mr. Smart used to put in a word now and then, "Quieter now, boys." "A bit more fortissimo, bassers," and things like that, and in a manner of speaking 'twas he trained us, though Rees waved his hands with his eyes nearly shut in the soft places, and swinging about like a thresher in the loud places.

Well, we'd be there all in the school and after a bit Rees would

pull out of his inside pocket a copy folded up, and he'd undo it careful with his big fingers and say, "Any you boys got *The Sailors' Chorus* on you?" Or maybe it would be *The Bridge by the Mill*, or the one we liked best, *Hiraeth*—which is a word to mean *longing*. And all the boys would be reaching and feeling and opening their copies, very torn and the notes rubbed off the corners, and Rees would put on his glasses and cock his head to catch the light, this way and that, and he'd hum a bit and the boys would shuffle round and hum a bit, too, and Mr. Smart would put in a few notes, very distant as it might be, and soon we'd be singing away for dear life, and the practices for the Elan eisteddfod had started.

We'd be there pretty regular now for a few months; twice a week when it got near the time, and you'd hear the boys singing on the road after, sweet as honey, perhaps on the road home, perhaps going up the hill you'd hear one, if 'twas a tenor delicate and far away, like from the gates of Heaven itself, singing his part.

And the funny thing was you'd never see the girls on the road practice nights. Sunday after Chapel there was girls, linked arm-in-arm in a row across the road, chattering like pyatts, the row getting smaller as one or another was plucked off the branch. But practice nights the boys didn't bother about them, or they knew there was important things doing. You never saw girls practice nights.

That year we'd hardly started when the school door opened one night and in come Morgan, Trelogod. One of the big ones was Morgan, a deacon in the Chapel, Chairman of the Parish Council, and as likely as not to be on the County Council any day now. A tall, strong man he was, with a red face and whiskers. He'd been a wild one in his time, and a terrible man for the drink, so they do say, but he was saved at the Revival Meeting one year and grew respectable and rich, though they could say the old Adam jogged his elbow once in a way and he'd no dislike for looking into the bottom of a empty glass, but only on the quiet and proper, as was seemly with a deacon and one so respected.

Rees, Dolwern, looked up when Morgan come in and he said, looking-like, "Come to join the Male Voice you have, Mr. Morgan, I can see, to give us a hand win first prize in Elan eisteddfod."

There's smiling the boys were on the sly. Morgan could grin if a crow could, but neither a one better than the other.

Morgan grins a bit. "Why yes, indeed, Rees, man. Help

you I will gladly if you like," and he pulls out a old, old copy of *Hiraeth* which was what we was practising then.

Rees opened his mouth and the grin went sour on him because he sees Morgan meant it, and the one way a Male Voice could make sure of losing would be to take somebody like Morgan, Trelogod, to sing at Elan eisteddfod.

Mr. Smart don't say a word after he's passed the time of day with Morgan, only sits smiling at the lamp, pretty sly, as if he remembered some old joke and just thought to laugh at it.

Well, there was nothing else to be said. You couldn't refuse to have Morgan in the Male Voice, a big man like that. You couldn't laugh at him, or tell him to go home, or tell him he couldn't sing.

So he drifts over in a dark corner behind the double basses and off we go again.

If there was anything wrong before it was ten times worse after Morgan come in. If the man had had no voice at all it would have been better than the one he did have. If all the choirs in Paradise had been singing the Hallelujah Chorus and Morgan was there you'd have known it. His notion of singing was to take the melody the top tenors was singing and bellow it an octave, sometimes two octaves down.

It sounded very odd, but music it wasn't.

And like all chaps who can't sing he had a good opinion of his voice. He reckoned he was a tidy help to the Male Voice and he said so after the practice to Rees.

The boys could laugh when they heard him roaring like a note that's got stuck down in the organ, but it was nothing to laugh about.

Because he never missed the practices. Rain or fine it was all the same to him. He'd never been in a Male Voice before in his life and he was enjoying himself and he reckoned he was going to look pretty good up on the platform at Elan.

Poor Rees, Dolwern, was fit to cry. He thought Morgan would drop out, but he soon came to see there wasn't much chance, and barring Morgan we'd a pretty good party that year. Some said Rees went so far as to implore the Almighty in chapel to remove Morgan until after the eisteddfod, but if it was true his prayers were going unanswered so far as that part of them went.

The time for the eisteddfod came nearer. The boys weren't laughing any more; they were pretty savage. They kept saying they'd leave the Male Voice, only there wasn't one didn't think something might happen to keep Morgan off the platform

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d they didn't really want to be out if they could help it. Except for Morgan we'd best chance of the prize we'd had for cars.

The only one who didn't seem downhearted at all was Mr. Smart, always sitting there at the piano, practice nights, smiling quiet at the lamp and not saying much.

When the boys would say, "Somebody ought to tell him," meaning Morgan, he'd say, "Oh, no doubt something will happen."

We began to think Mr. Smart had something in his mind and it was the only thing that kept a good few in the Male Voice at all.

The day of the eisteddfod came at last and still Morgan stuck to; singing, if anything, louder than ever. He reckoned he was the backbone of the party by now and there's pleased he was. He used to think of the people pointing at him on the platform and saying "That's Morgan, Trelogod, that fine man. He's a deacon up in Salem and the strength of their choir."

"A sweet singer in Israel," that's what he reckoned they'd call him.

"Don't you worry, Mr. Rees," says Mr. Smart going down to Elan that night. "Perhaps Morgan won't get so far as the platform after all."

Rees knew then he'd some scheme in his clever, little head.

* * * * *

The Town Hall was full, the respectable people in front in the two-and-sixpennies, and the girls next, in their best clothes, leaning across each other to whisper, and looking back sometimes and then laughing among themselves. In the back was the boys, washed and shining, with snowdrops in their caps, some of them, whistling and stamping and banging their feet.

The room was hot and the windows covered with steam so that you could write your name on them. Nearly everybody was eating peppermints. That's all you could smell, peppermints when you couldn't smell people.

It came near the time for the Male Voice, and Rees was looking desperate miserable. Morgan was in his best and a high collar with a fancy tie he'd bought all ready to put on, no thing only you had to clip it on with a stud. And near him was Mr. Smart, very tidy, small and neat, and very well-brushed and always smiling quiet-like as it might be his little joke was bearing well.

Suddenly he clutches Morgan by the arm. "Mr. Morgan," he says, and his smile was gone. "I don't feel well."

"Stomach out of order, man," says Morgan. "Time o' year 'tis. Try sulphur."

"I don't feel well *now*?" says Mr. Smart. "I - I think I'm going to faint."

Morgan looks at him and sure enough he's looking very common, his hair rumpled a bit and his eyes staring.

"Tis the heat and the crowd," says Mr. Smart, gasping a bit.

"Dunna faint here," says Morgan. "Come thee on, man. I'll come out with thee. There's a shame it is, and the Male Voice soon."

"I'll be better after a bit of fresh air," says Mr. Smart as they went out.

"Hold you on my arm, man bach," says Morgan. "You'll be better in a shake."

They stopped by the door a bit and then Mr. Smart says, "I don't feel much better yet. I reckon if I could have a small drop of brandy now. If you feel able to walk as far as *The Nag's Head* with me, Mr. Morgan . . ."

"Come thee on," says Morgan. "There's nothing so good as a small, little drop of brandy when a man feels the crowd. I didn't feel so good myself in there, those people and all . . ."

One of our chaps had followed them out and he saw what was happening and he runs back to Rees, Dolwern, and says Morgan and Mr. Smart is gone across to *The Nag's Head* for a drop of brandy because they was both feeling the heat of the room.

Rees looked a happier man than he'd looked for months and he swivelled his eyes up to the ceiling as much as to say, *Thank you, Lord*, and he gets out his copy and has a look and waves his hand soft-like, as if he was already conducting.

All the boys brightened up wonderful.

Rees said, "With the aid of Providence and if the school-master is so good as his name we won't see our basser for a bit and then he'll be too late or too tight."

It was a little bit before the Male Voice and then we was singing last, but there was neither smell nor sign of the school-master nor Morgan, Trelogod. We all reckoned the old Adam was a middling useful sort of chap.

The other choirs hadn't been so hearty when our turn came to file up on the platform. We got into place and spit out our peppermints and cleared our throats and pushed our collars right. Rees half-shuts his eyes as if he's going to sleep and waves his hands about and takes a look at the accompanist.

And then we were off. Sweet as a nut it was, and us trying not to catch the adjudicator's eye as if we knew he was looking pleased and didn't want to upset him.

We just got started into the second verse and then there was suddenly such a screeching and a booming going on that half the boys stopped to see what's wrong. You'd think it was a pig-killing.

And there was Mr. Smart and Morgan, Trelogod, with the choir. Talk about market-peart! Morgan was an old hand and brandy didn't show in him till it had time to go sour on his stomach overnight, but real pleased he looked and a bit redder than before and his fancy tie all on one side.

But Mr. Smart—drunk he was and smiling all over his face, with his arm tucked in Morgan's. Like David and Goliath they looked for size, and Mr. Smart's hair on end and his collar unbuttoned and some mud down one side of his coat like as if he'd fell somewhere.

And if Morgan's voice was terrible there was no words could describe the schoolmaster's. Top tenor he thought he was singing surely, but it was enough to put your teeth on edge.

And singing they was as if their lives depended on it, smiling each at the other, Morgan looking down, Mr. Smart looking up, real comical.

First one began to laugh and then another and before the verse was ended every person in the hall was rocking on their chairs. And the more the people laughed, the more those two smiled and the louder they sang.

We didn't get the prize for the Male Voice that year.

And now when the winter comes and practices starts when anything goes wrong, or a chap sings a bad note, if he's a cheeky one he'll wink at the others and say, "A drop of brandy I did ought to have indeed to clear my throat. Wonderful good for singers, brandy is."

Mr. Smart he used to look a bit crowsty if they'd say that, but now he's come he'll smile a little dry grin and he'll say, "Perhaps we ought to ask Mr. Morgan, Trelogod, to help us again this year."

And they stop making fun of him then, because after him taking that drink like that nobody knows what he'll do.

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

SOME hold that our minds should be busy deciding what to do with victory when we have got it; others think this premature; but we can all rejoice that in the United States able and disinterested persons should work out an outline of what mankind must do if human progress is not to be self-destructive. The 'Commission to Study the Organization of Peace,' set up by the Carnegie Endowment has just published its Preliminary Report, with "Monographs."* There is in all some 320 pages of print, calculated to produce intellectual indigestion, except for the strongest consumers; but the report itself goes into less than eight pages and is admirably balanced. Briefly it comes down to this. Prepared aggression can only be resisted effectively by action of the nations organized as a community. We need not fear that mankind is bound to be destroyed by its own inventions; there is a chance for a plane of living higher than any yet known if science can work in peace for peace; but peace cannot be a standstill.

The loose political organization of the past which rested on balance of power, neutrality and isolation is no longer adequate.

We may expect an eventual reaction from the present reliance upon brute force. There was such a reaction at the close of the World War. The League of Nations was an effort to perpetuate it. The retreat from that ideal and institution—a retreat begun by the United States—will make the past twenty years one of the most tragic periods in history.

We are advised to assume that the nation-state will continue to be the unit of world society; but its attributes of sovereignty must be limited. The first essential limitation will end the claim for each nation to be a final judge of its own right; and the first new institution necessary will be:

An international court with jurisdiction adequate to deal with all international disputes on the basis of law.

Here it is to be observed that a "permanent court of inter-

*Carnegie Publication Offices, 405 West 117th St. N.Y., 5 cents.

national justice" has existed for eighteen years. In that period, according to a monograph on the subject (the only one which is anonymous)

The United States has not contributed a cent of the ten million dollars expended on the Court, though the Court is always open to it and a national of the U.S. has always been one of the judges. At conferences, the U.S. has prevented other states from agreeing to give jurisdiction to the Court.

Presumably the signatories to the Report contemplate it as necessary that the United States should submit to be bound in all cases by such a tribunal. But they indicate clearly that after this war European states will need to sacrifice a greater degree of sovereignty "than would be possible or desirable on other continents." Behind this there is an idea of regional organization—with world federation as a remote ultimate goal.

International conditions have forced the actions of the Western hemisphere to strengthen the Pan-American organization. The British Commonwealth is an essential and living organism and is a powerful factor in international organization, uniting the Continents. The Soviet Union, the Far East and the Near East, each constitute regions with distinctive characteristics.

While some rules of law must apply to all nations alike in many matters, variation must be provided within the distinctive regions. It would seem to be implied that the British Empire is a region distinct from Europe, and possibly some continental opinions would agree. Yet here is precisely the danger of driving France into an anti-Anglo-Saxon camp—or rather into resentful opposition to the English-speaking world. With all respect to the United States, England is fighting this European war with all the British Empire at its back, but also with the assistance of the true representatives of European States—Poland, Czechoslovakia, Norway, Holland, Yugoslavia, and, last but not least glorious, Greece. She has with her also the free Frenchmen who are to-day a minority of their people—but who before it is over will, I am convinced, speak and act for the whole. America, even if American commitments grow vital, cannot be allowed to dictate to Europe. This is not to undervalue such a concentration of skilled study as this volume presents; and it is well to be reminded, not only that the Pan-American system offers a fine example of organization for peace, but also that the United States can no more be expected to act without thought for the other States of America than Great Britain to neglect the needs and opinions of Australia or Canada. Not enough has been allowed for this in estimating President Roosevelt's step-by-step advance.

One factor in the forces to be reckoned up gets rather skimpy handling. If we want to "lift races and groups above national ism" by a "super-loyalty," religion admittedly **The Sacrament of Brotherhood** has served that purpose in times past; but Mr. William Pierson Merrill, who contributed a monograph on *The World of Religion*, will not encourage a reader to hope for much help—not even though he says that:

For the first time since the Reformation Christians of all varieties with the sole exception of the Roman Catholic Church are working in real co-operation and unity.

Unfortunately the sole exception is also the only one that has unmistakably an international character; and in the fact that Catholicism transcends national and local obligations may lie its powerful attraction for so remarkable a man as Sir Henry Slessor—who has just published his surprising reminiscence under the title of *Judgment Reserved*.* They are to me surprising because at the age of fifty-eight this philosophically minded gentleman has been able to retire after a career in which he became Solicitor General in the first Labour Government and then Lord Justice of Appeal. Yet while he was still seatless candidate for Parliament in the Labour interest, he put forward, and in print, opinions very unlike those held by most of the Fabians among whom he had been politically nurtured.

The very organization of mediæval Europe under Pope and Emperor was a religious international, more complete than any League of Nations as an International Socialist Federation.

Historically that is sound: the medieval world was much less nationalist than ours; Christendom had a meaning which unfortunately the Reformation broke up. But though Sir Henry Slessor affirmed in 1923 that "the sacrament of brotherhood is Holy Communion must be re-learned by Christian people," one cannot point to any marked approach towards this renewal. Yet it is plain—and is notable—that this very successful lawyer, who was at least to that extent a man of the modern world, concluded that the world can only be changed for the better by a "change in the heart of man"—which to him as an Anglo-Catholic seems only possible through "the grace of our Lord, the intercession of the saints, and the operation of the sacraments." Frankly, if I held Sir Henry Slessor's views, I should be defeatist to-day. But I go back to Mary Kingsley's belief that in our times the only safe appeal is to the common faith in honour and in justice—but above all to justice.

* Hutchinson. 18s.

Love for our fellowman, piety, charity, mercy, we need not bother our heads about, so long as we are just. These things are of value only when they are used as means whereby we can attain justice.

I do not think that the will to justice was ever better established than among the English of to-day—or ever more faithfully pursued by the means of these “other things.” The “sacrament of brotherhood” is not ill-expressed in the insistence that, as between man and man, nation and nation, there shall be just dealing.

* * * * *

Yet Sir Henry Slesser and those who think with him will be interested by passages in a most moving little book, *A French Soldier Speaks** which Miss Helen Waddell has translated. All we know of the author is his *nom de guerre*, “Jacques”; whether officer or in the ranks, he was of those who escaped from Dunkirk and is of those who serve with the Free French forces. He has a wife and mother in France and can make us feel what men in his position—and women in theirs—have to endure. But above all he tells us of what it meant to learn the news of surrender. How had France come to submit to worse than defeat? His answer is that “France died because her soul was sick.” She had been a demagogy, not a democracy.

France's
Awakening

I lay down as an accepted principle that the source of democracy is Christian civilization . . . that way of living, feeling, thinking, common to all the western nations since Christianity first took root among them . . . Outside Christendom the world was ignorant of the principles of liberty, equality, fraternity.

But in France fraternity had become merely a name; worst failure of all, in every parish priest and schoolmaster were enemies not allies. Jacques blames chiefly the defection of France's national leaders who (against the admonition of the Pope) “sulked at the Republic.” On the other hand, the anti-clerical Government

had in its files a docket for every official, stating whether or not he fulfilled his religious duties. If he did, his advancement was held up. In fighting against the religious sentiment of the nation, democracy, begotten of religion, committed a crime against itself . . . The democracy of the future will be Christian, or will not be at all.

Since he believes that France will rise again, this young French idealist believes that he will see a France in which it is at least no disadvantage to a man to be a practising Christian. It is not monarchy that he wants, nor any form of fascism, but a country in which there will no longer be oppression in the

* Constable, 4s. 6d.

name of freedom, or corruption in the name of patriotism. When such a spirit as his, utterly imbued with the cult of France, declares that France needed purgation, it is not for the rest of us to dissent or deprecate. But purgation cannot come through submission. He waits for the awakening of France, "and her awakening will be terrible." The Marseillaise, forbidden now, will be the voice of that new day. The original of this book has not been published, and we are left wondering whether the French is equal to Miss Waddell's English version. By it she has done service to France and to all those who wish to understand France.

* * * * *

Mr. Richard Church has brought together in a volume the studies of contemporary poets which appeared first in THE
The Poet FORTNIGHTLY. *Eight for Immortality** is a title
as Critic which sets the bidding rather high, but it leads
 off with a sure winner: W. H. Davies has
 already his place well marked out, not far from Herrick, whom
 he most resembles in spite of intervening centuries and most
 incongruous antecedents; what could be less like a "super-
 tramp" than the plump Devonshire parson? Dame Laura
 Knight's genial portrait of Davies, reproduced as frontispiece,
 is a great addition to a good book. For Mr. Church is one of the
 poets who are also fine critics—not a very numerous band. In
 writing about Davies, he has been chiefly concerned to convey
 the personality of his so lately dead friend, but the analysis of
 Mr. de la Mare's gift is a very subtle piece of interpretation and
 still better are the pages given to Robert Frost. I like the
 description of Frost's humour—"wry, dry, sharp": I like
 indeed the sensitive fashion with which this critic handles
 words throughout; as for instance, when he speaks of Andrew
 Young, "whose delicacy of vision and expression is tributary
 to the same quality in the poetry of Robert Frost." 'Attrib-
 utable' would have meant that others discovered the debt;
 'tributary' means that Mr. Young willingly acknowledges it.
 And I am glad that Mr. Church's choice falls (with one
 exception) on writers intelligible to minds that grew up in the
 last century and that his estimates on the whole are sympathe-
 tic to us. Yet there is no use in pretending that we who were
 contemporary with Yeats will agree with Mr. Church in setting
 his later work on a level with the earlier. Yeats wrote, in those
 later days:

* Dent. 6s.

Bodily decrepitude is wisdom: young,
We loved each other and were ignorant.

Out of that ignorance came poetry not to be matched by wisdom—and doubtless Yeats knew this by instinct, even if reasoning misled him.

Mr. Blunden and Miss Sackville West would be approved by Sir Henry Slessor who in addition to other unexpectednesses lets us know that he wrote verses. As from his judicial bench he drops an *obiter dictum*.

Though this is in dispute, I think that all poets other than the greatest, should express themselves in traditional forms of scansion and rhyme.

Alas, he does not mention which of the greatest ran a tilt against tradition: it seems to me that of those who can be described as great, the only name marked by wilful irregularity is Browning's; and even he, in most of the passages that one knows by heart, is conformable (just as Mr. Blunden and Miss Sackville West are)—to the generally accepted rhythms. Mr. Eliot admittedly is not;—and his discipleship goes back, as Mr. Church shows, to Browning. But even those who learnt to write while Tennyson was still writing have learnt to recognize in Mr. Eliot a weight of sincerity and of intellectual force which marks him off sharply from such gentry as Mr. Pound. Mr. Church happily does not give a rap for Mr. Pound, but possibly felt that he must have one of the innovators, who is not universally accepted. So he winds up with Mr. Robert Graves who, to judge by the specimens offered to us in this book, writes pretentious nonsense. It is a pity that Mr. Church should have been persuaded to take him at his own valuation.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE POLISH CHARACTER

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY.

Sir,

The article *The Poles in Exile* by Mr. Joseph Braddock, in the June number of THE FORTNIGHTLY, in which are described the characteristics of the Poles, is written with so much warmth that one can but thank the author for the sympathy and understanding which he bestows on his Polish friends. The author mentions also some bad Polish traits. If I want to put in a few words of explanation in connection with these dark spots, it is not because I presume that the Poles are entirely free from faults. We Poles are aware of our faults, even of those of which the kind-hearted author does not dream. But the saying: "The Poles have a Slav strain of cruelty, their hatred of the Germans amounts to fanaticism," calls for explanation.

It does not seem to me that this strain of cruelty is a vital part of the Polish national character. I do not believe either that the ill-feeling against the Germans bears any of the attributes of cruelty. There was a German occupation of Poland during the Great War; then the Germans were armed invaders who destroyed and robbed the country, stole food and anything that could be taken away. The memory of this occupation has remained fresh in the minds of the people and has helped to increase this ill-feeling, which originated during the German rule over the Posnan province, lasting for 150 years. Yet neither this period of German rule in the Western provinces, nor their occupation during the Great War aroused such fanatical will to revenge, as the present war. This former ill-feeling was a natural reflex of defence, which in spite of all, did not bar human relationship of a sort between man and man—Poles and Germans.

It must be realized that no war in history, no enemy occupation, no destruction of any kind caused by any war whatsoever is comparable in any way to the deeds committed by the Germans in our country. Had they only taken away the food and the things necessary to them, had they only limited themselves to the destruction that is brought about by war itself—to bombing, shelling and incendiarism—the Polish hatred

would not seem to differ greatly from the British hatred of the Germans. But what is being done by the Germans now in our country is nothing but the bestial torturing of the defenceless. It passes the limit of human cruelty. It not only offends the national feelings of a Pole, but it also injures the moral basis of life. The Germans do not only kill physically, they kill morally. They are treading down something that is, perhaps, even stronger than the instinct of self-preservation of the individual and of the people in general. One has to remember that people in Poland live day after day, night after night in terror of monstrous violence, which descends on them suddenly, without the slightest cause, without any connection whatever with the war—just as a manifestation of unbridled pride and contempt. One must bear in mind, that against this violence of the *Herrenvolk* millions of people in Poland feel their utter defencelessness. They are down-trodden and they cannot defend themselves. They must keep silence. They must suffer and endure.

If, in these conditions, a fanatical hatred and will to revenge did not spring up in the people's hearts—it would be a sure sign that this people is incapable of surviving. If every single Pole did not compensate for the tragic feeling of his temporary impotency with a craving for revenge "with an utter and fatalistic disregard of his own life"—it would be a sign of moral decay.

Such are not the inherent national characteristics of the Poles, but such is psychological law.

The author of the article touches the Jewish question: "The Poles are very anti-Jewish in sentiment . . . there is little doubt, that the Poles were cruel to the Jews before the war." I do not propose to deny that the last years before the war were a period of acute growth of anti-Semitism in Poland, that it sometimes took really damnable forms. I think, however, that a dispassionate study of this question might lead to a seemingly paradoxical notion, that the Polish people as a whole did not catch the disease of anti-Semitism. One has to bear in mind that anti-Semitism has to be considered not as a separate phenomenon, but that it constituted a part of the programme of the semi-totalitarian government and that this anti-Semitic movement was, to a great extent, fed by German propaganda, which was tolerated by the Government of that time. The provoking of anti-Semitic riots was a work that was achieved with great pains and cost as one of the methods of forcing the totalitarian system of government upon the people.

But a very large majority of the people, and in the first place all the peasants and the workers—about 75 per cent. of the whole population—resisted both, the totalitarianism and the anti-Semitism. Peasants and workmen did not take part in the anti-Semitic riots, on the contrary, they defended the Jews against the paid agitators. This may not have been for love of the Jews, or connected with any logical calculation, as to whether the Jews were guilty or innocent. Other causes were put forward: the distinctive feeling of that intimate link between anti-Semitism and totalitarianism. The other and even more important one was that racial hatred could not enter into the feelings of the great majority of the people. It was precisely this “strain of cruelty” that was lacking in Poles.

If it had not been for this sentimental upheaval against anti-Semitism, it would have become rampant as it did in Germany.

Yours faithfully,

STEFANJA ZAHORSKA.

83, Ivor Court,
Gloucester Place, N.W.1.



Behind the Nazi Front

JOHN McCUTCHEON RALEIGH

Foreword by F. A. VOIGT

The correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* with the German Army records his experiences in wartime Berlin, Poland and Czecho-Slovakia,

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THE ENGLISH THEATRE

By ST. JOHN ERVINE

**JACOBEAN AND CAROLINE
STAGE**, by Gerald Eames Bentley.
Oxford University Press. Two Vols.
2s.

The history of the English theatre slowly, but very skilfully, being closed, and we can now claim almost complete knowledge of its Elizabethan age. That intimacy has been extended by the labour of Mr. Gerald Eames Bentley to the Jacobean and Caroline stage, and we have his promise that he will extend it still further. One of the noblest aspects of human activity is the pursuit of uncommercial learning, and Mr. Bentley, following in the footsteps of Sir Edmund Chambers, presents in these handsome volumes his own to be received into the company of high and devoted scholars. Patiently and persistently, and "for no reward," as the man says in a play by Lady Mary, no reward, that is to say, but the supreme satisfaction a man feels when he has performed a notable and distinguished feat, Mr. Bentley has done for the stage of the first James and the first Charles what Sir Edmund Chambers did for the Medieval stage and the stage of Queen Elizabeth. We are deeply in debt to American scholars for these days. Mr. Bentley has increased our debt to such an extent that it can never be discharged. The labour that

has gone to the making of his volumes must have been immense. I feel myself daunted by the thought of the researches he must have conducted, and envious, too, of the skill and patience with which his facts were collected. How many documents were read, how many places were visited before our author obtained the information he required cannot be estimated; but there is no doubt of the value of his work. Luckily, too, Mr. Bentley writes an easy prose, and is thus able to display his scholarship with comfort to his readers.

The first fact which is impressed on one's mind by this history is the difficulty under which the drama was performed three centuries ago. The merchants opposed the players with every device of which they were capable, and it is not the least of Mr. Bentley's merits that in addition to recording the history of the theatre in the period he has chosen to describe, he gives us glimpses of the habits and customs of the generality of its people. He tells us, for instance, that the hour of performance of plays coincided with the hour at which certain religious ceremonies, such as the christening of infants, were usually celebrated; and that it was a cause of complaint against the playhouses that the streets were congested with all kinds of conveyances

at the very hour when proud parents were attempting to obtain admission to the Christian communion for their progeny. Regulations were drawn for the control of traffic, and carriages were forbidden to be parked in the immediate neighbourhood of the theatres; regulations which, after a brief period of observance, were disregarded.

But this recurrent trouble with the City was among the least of the woes that afflicted the players, though it was grave enough. The problem of existence itself was a serious one, and involved them in elaborate schemes to keep their theatres open and themselves alive. They still had to seek protection from the Crown or an important peer. There were all kinds of "Companies," including, one is surprised to learn, "The King and Queen of Bohemia's Company," and the rivalries of these Companies were almost as acute as the rivalry between the players and the merchants. The Master of the Revels, Sir Henry Herbert, who corresponded to our Lord Chamberlain, had to threaten the theatres with bans and prohibitions because they *would* produce plays that displeased their sovereign by their satire. Sir Henry seems to have been as considerate of the players as his office would allow him to be, but more than once he lost his temper with them and dared them to continue their behaviour at their peril. The gravest of the troubles that afflicted the Jacobean and Caroline Stage was that which had also afflicted the Elizabethan: it was the plague. Every year, for some period, the theatres had to be shut. There was one period of closure which lasted for over twelve months. Nor was the plague the only cause of closure. The death

of a royalty might result in the shutting up of all the theatres for a couple of months. How the players managed to live, seems now an insoluble problem, especially as their wages were complicated by a curious division of receipts: the players taking the money that was paid at the outer doors, while other persons, the capitalists, so to speak, the theatre, took the money that was paid at the tiring-house. But they succeeded in living, and many of them lived well, as their wills, some of which Mr. Bentley publishes, amply prove. *The Jacobean and Caroline Stage*, like Sir Edmund Chambers' *The Medieval Stage* and *The Elizabethan Stage*, has an interest beyond its subject. It must help the historian to envisage the period. It cannot fail to make the social life of its time plain to those who read it, and it causes us to hope that Mr. Bentley will soon fulfil his promise of narrating the history of our theatre in a later age.

UNION NOW WITH BRITAIN, by Clarence K. Streit. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Having just finished writing a book on Anglo-American union and having denied myself any sight of Mr. Streit's book until my own was finished, I can only approach *Union Now with Britain* knowing what others have said about Mr. Streit before I know what Mr. Streit has said. I am not disappointed by what will be an historic book written in a noble style.

One charge, I gather, circulated by Social Credit supporters, is that Mr. Streit is a pawn in the talons of Jewish international finance. This is chiefly known to be so, it seems, because he once served on the staff of the *New York*

... and because Mr. Bernard Baruch, ...
 ... with (scarcely Jewish) Mr. ...
 ... has taken an interest in ...
 ... eral Union. Since Mr. Baruch was ...
 ... Roosevelt's party campaign director, ...
 ... reason is very clear why Mr. Streit ...
 ... ny other founder of an organization ...
 ... ld have a concern in seeking his ...
 ... urable interest. We are further ...
 ... that we are fighting this war in ...
 ... r to preserve national sovereignty. ...
 ... ncere hope that we are not, or ...
 ... er would become a liberal by ...
 ... arison. I am glad to note that ...
 ... or Douglas does not apparently ...
 ... ur with this kind of hysterical ...
 ... cism of a policy which seems to me ...
 ... e, as much as any policy may be, ...
 ... once thoroughly patriotic and ...
 ... eally forward-looking. The criti- ...
 ... is concerned to sow suspicion ...
 ... ven the United States and this ...
 ... try—"British propaganda led us ...
 ... the garden-path of intervention"; ...
 ... e Americans would fight to the last ...
 ... lishwoman"; "George III to rule ...
 ... United States again"; "the 49th ...
 ... e"—which is all playing Dr. ...
 ... bbels' game. If we win this war ...
 ... lo-American 'open' federation ...
 ... rides the dynamo which is alone ...
 ... e enough to make the machinery of ...
 ... vived world League effective. If ...
 ... ose this war the immediate building ...
 ... nglo-Saxony becomes the grimmest ...
 ... ssity and the sole patriotic policy. ...
 ... e second major objection that I ...
 ... —similar but opposite—is that ...
 ... Streit's scheme is one for American ...
 ... ination of "the European colonial ...
 ... " This view is one frequently ...
 ... essed by Marxists who have their ...
 ... very present schemes of domina- ...
 ... from another quarter. Against ...
 ... power (including Canada) a debtors'

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DENT

bloc, they argue, should be built up, as was attempted in 1930. The cry that Mr. Streit has 'no economics'—which is untrue, since he has a very shrewd economic case—springs from the same quarter. The thesis substantially is

(a) that political measures for the abolition of war must not be permitted to precede certain collectivist economic measures :

(b) that among political measures those for immediately feasible unification must be postponed nominally on grounds of a priori principle but actually on grounds of distribution of power, until all Europe can be unified.

Actually Mr. Clarence Streit has gone further in willingness to include all and sundry 'democratic' and 'have-not' powers in his open federation than the present writer, who has always looked to areas of common culture and tradition in the foreground of a world League network. *Union Now with Britain*, although more in accordance than earlier work with my own views—which, for all this, would probably include Germany in federation—does not go back on the principle of 'open federation.' The objection is really based upon a set suspicion of the Americans—but also, be it noted, of the British—which lies deep in the history of Europe. It is offset by the equally widespread feeling that these two countries have not been fulfilling their international responsibilities. It must throughout be borne in mind that Mr. Streit has had to sell his idea to the American public.

To the common objection that his scheme—which in substance was also Lord Lothian's scheme, outlined in his Burge lecture—is a pleasant wish but not practicable, I attach less importance. It expresses the kind of faint-hearted

politics which explain Hitler's victory. These people can only be invited, in the light of current politics, to think again. With the objection that (as a well-known famous broadcaster expressed it to me) "one does not discuss on one's marriage-day what one's wife shall wear on the fourteenth anniversary," that is, that Mr. Streit has far too tidy and complete a constitutional scheme, delivered in newly minted as by the Abbe Siyès, I have more sympathy. The objection is substantial; but I wonder whether the objectors would have done better. The important thing is the marriage by the fifteen democracies according to Mr. Streit's earlier book and now, when he has come into line with my own theme of the United States, and the British Commonwealth—"this people of the Seven States that rule the Seven Seas." By all means let their representatives meet in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, to create a common citizenship for them all and for those who may join them, Icelanders, Norwegians and the others. It has to be remembered that Mr. Streit has had to do a propaganda work in the United States from zero. The public like a wealth of concrete detail, even about the future, which gives an illusion that a plan is 'practical.' Those, I suspect, will criticize this book and the last most readily who least realize the gigantic difficulties in the way of doing anything with a public, not at the moment indeed sunk in apathy and preoccupation with football scores, but distracted by many rival demands, even in the field of ideals. First the idealists must strive to agree among themselves on direction. That Federal Unionism should enable them to do.

GEORGE CATLIN.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF WORLD TRADE, by J. B. Condliffe. *Allen & Unwin*. 12s. 6d.

The breathless tempo of events these days makes all writing on current affairs a thankless task. Until a year ago, for instance, the one fixed pole seemed to be Anglo-French co-ordination of effort as the core of any post-war reconstruction. But surely no one has been more ill-served than Professor Condliffe in this treatise on the international trading system, written, as it appears from internal evidence, in those halcyon days when it was still possible to think in terms of the economic text-books and to imagine that the political obstacles which blocked all that is implied in the orthodox term 'capitalism' were merely regrettable accidents. The author is concerned mainly, it is true, with diagnosis, and his prescription for the future scarcely goes beyond a shy endorsement of the "heroic suggestions" for international regulation propounded by Mr. J. E. Meade in his *Economic Bases of a Durable Peace* (written "before the flood"). Yet, even so, after perusal of this book, one feels very much tempted to say in an Archillian vein: "never was so much written to so little effect"; without any disrespect for the author, a New Zealander who, after many years of League service in Geneva, came to the London School of Economics and is now Professor of Economics in the University of California, it is a monument of wasted wordage.

The book arose, it should be explained, from Professor Condliffe's duties as rapporteur of the International Studies Conference (conclave of "Chatham House" and similar bodies) which met

at Bergen to discuss "Economic Policies in Relation to World Peace" on August 27th, 1939—or, as you might say, at three minutes to twelve! It is at once a study of the collapse of the world trade system as restored on the pre-1914 model in the inter-war period and a commentary on the two emergent questions:—

- (1) whether unlimited national sovereignty is any longer compatible with the organization of economic prosperity and
- (2) whether private enterprise can function effectively in the modern world.

Both are subjects which have been written about *ad nauseam*, and it cannot be said that the author has any original contribution to make. His job, as he conceives it evidently, is to explain "why the wheels won't go round"—but, one would have thought, every Budge and Toddy had by now a

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pretty good idea of the why and the wherefore of the economic dislocation ; and there is a limit surely to the capacity of economists and would-be economists for taking in one another's washing !

That "the primary responsibility (for the breakdown of the international trading system bearing the nineteenth-century trademark) lies not with economic facts but with economic policy" is surely axiomatic. "Sterling . . . was wrecked on the unwillingness of national governments to accept policies of adjustment to economic interdependence organized by private enterprise"—true, too true. But then why should it have been expected that the rest of the world would meekly and for all time accept a *British-made* system, the essence of which, as he says, was not in the free export of capital goods but in the existence of an international capital market on a "cosmopolitan" basis, depending essentially, however, on financial leadership from London ? That is not the whole story, of course ; there are many irrational factors, there is the interplay of the emotional forces of nationalism and social discontent and the fact, disagreeable and incredible as it may seem to a professional economist, that public opinion not seldom these days rejects economic criteria altogether in favour of other non-economic values, typified for example, in Mr. Bevin's phrase of "social security." But, no less fallacious than the assumption that "political attitudes and economic policy are both dominated by a rational desire to promote the economic welfare of the individual" (whereby Liberals beg the whole question) is the idea that there *can* be any "reconstruction of

world trade" within the meaning of tenets of orthodox political economy. No, no, the "economists'" is a false cause, and fresh minds are needed to grapple with the economics of the international order.

W. HORSFALL CARTER.

THE MIND OF THE MAKER,

Dorothy L. Sayers. *Methuen*. 6s.

Miss Sayers' latest book is the first of a series. Edited by Miss Sayers and Miss M. St. Clare Byrne the series under the general title of *Bridgeheads* is an endeavour, in the words of the editor, "to help every man to discover for himself the nature and extent of his creative power which constitutes his real claim to humanity, . . . and, in particular, to show him how he may best use the means provided by our democracy to make and enjoy with his fellow-men a complete and fully human life." Such is the aim, the book concerns themselves, severally, with theory and with practice. "But it will start from the assumption that the social structure can be satisfactory that is not based upon a satisfactory philosophy of man's true nature and needs."

It has fallen, not unnaturally, to Miss Sayers herself to set the pace for the series and a very hot one it is which will, if maintained, mean a most valuable contribution to man's realization of his true problems. In *The Mind of the Maker* Miss Sayers undertakes to answer what is meant by 'creativity' and to explain the working of the creative mind. She takes for the basis of her argument the Christian Creeds and seeks to show in her analysis that the creeds are not expressions of opinions or arbitrar-

ficts but statements of fact. And from the Creeds Miss Sayers selects statements "which aim at defining the nature of God, conceived in His capacity as Creator."

"To complain that man measures God by his own experience is a waste of time," says Miss Sayers, for man has no other means of measurement and his language must be analogical. The trouble this has caused among the general minded is still apparent. More apparent, I think, than Miss Sayers could be prepared to admit, for the vision of God "as a hirsute old gentleman," who created man in His own image, is still dangerously true of those—and they are many—whose intelligent appreciation of God is bounded by the teaching of a junior classroom. The chapter on 'The Image of God' is brilliantly conceived but Miss Sayers teaches her full strength in her examination of the mind of the creative writer as a Trinitarian structure and displays the creative act as an earthly Trinity to match the heavenly.

First, the Creative Idea, the image of the Father; second, the Creative Energy (or Activity), the image of the Word; third, the Creative Power, the image of the Holy Spirit. Thus we reach eventually, after a sequence of nine chapters, 'Pentecost': "when the writer's Idea is revealed or incarnate by his Energy, then, and only then, can his Power work on the world." So the creative writer sees first the book as Thought, the Idea; second the book as Written, the Energy or Word incarnate; third, the book as Read, the Power of its effect upon and in the responsive mind."

The argument all through is profoundly satisfying. Miss Sayers sees

in the integrity of the character, the necessity and explanation of free-will; she demonstrates that the creation of a 'right' inevitably creates a 'wrong' and a 'good' an 'evil.' Then in another splendid chapter on 'Scalene Trinities' she shows how the trinities of writers are mostly out of true and how the weakness of one may be that he is Father-ridden, or Son-ridden, or Ghost-ridden resulting in the Idea, the Energy or the Power being out of proportion.

Miss Sayers will not expect my complete agreement with her postscript chapter. Miss Sayers accepts too readily the possibility for a machine-worker to feel creatively about his routine job. Providing, she says, that "the worker eagerly desires that before all things else the work shall be done. What else," she continues, "causes

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the armaments worker to labour passionately when he knows that the existence of his country is threatened, but that his heart travels along the endless band with the machine parts and that his imagination beholds the fulfilment of the work in terms, not of money, but of the blazing gun itself, charged with his love and fear."

That is a romantic sentence but I cannot agree that it is true or that the author of *Ecclesiasticus* would have written of the armament worker, he "watches to finish the work." Only a very few see the "end-product" of their toil, and whatever propaganda 'pep' talks may say, labour difficulties, even in wartime, are great.

JOHN ARMITAGE.

FOLIOS OF NEW WRITING. Spring 1941. Hogarth Press. 5s.

OUR TIME: Nos. 1 and 2. Newport Publications. 6d. monthly.

NEW YEAR LETTER, by W. H. Auden. Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.

Mr. John Lehmann announces in his Foreword to the latest issue of *New Writing* the intention of devoting more space to "critical studies of general interest" and so to "undertake a reassessment of values." Mr. Harold Acton's account of literary developments in China where he spent some years makes interesting reading of this kind but why must the four young writers who contribute studies of Virginia Woolf concentrate upon her criticisms of their own generation. Why not some account of her life and work so tragically cut short? Mr. Louis MacNeice resents Mrs. Woolf's accusation of "flooding a dead or

dying horse because a living horse, if flogged, would kick them off its back." But that this accusation was justified is evidenced by the anti-Philistine tirades that haunt this publication and the first two numbers of *Our Time*. Mr. Coombes in the best of these four replies writes:—

"One thing I regret when reading the stories of working-class writers. It seems that the struggle has made them grim and that their characters have either a perpetual snarl or whine. That is not true to life, for even in the hardest conditions and heaviest work there is always humour flashing out." But the "snarl or whine" recurs even more in the work of those middle-class writers who lack the note of indignation at being debarred from vocations for which the talented dispossessed have better qualifications than the smug and complacent Blimps.

This is a point difficult to make without seeming to range oneself on the side of those who scorn the use of intelligence in the young and then indict them for "failing to be constructive." The dilemma of this generation of writers would be less tragic if they were less talented. Here Mr. Edward Upward, who in *Journey to the Border* wrote one of the most poignant semi-autobiographical novels illustrative of this theme, descends to remarking in his "reply" that a socialist writer's best subjects for attack would be "an archbishop or an imperialist politician" but that the main target would be "the conditions which have made them what they are." But a genuine socialist who should be capable of recognizing that an archbishop worthy of the name—no mere Vicar of Bray—should be as

careless in condemning abuses under a collectivist as under a capitalist society. As for the "imperialist politician," should not people who clamour for "anti-Fascist action" realize that it is for lack of a true sense of imperial mission that shopkeeping politicians have too long stooped to bargaining with the enemy? A promising publication, *New Writing* could have more going by becoming more eclectic.

The best feature of *Our Time* is the drawings, in particular those of Jack Hen and of Puyol, whose "Food profiteer" is reminiscent of Will Wyson's best work in the old revolutionary *Daily Herald*. But Montagu Slater's plaintive article deriding patriotic songs—as if they needed debunking!—is symptomatic of this whole publication's literary side.

The quotation from Montaigne "We are, I know not how, double in ourselves, so that what we believe we disbelieve and cannot rid ourselves of what we condemn" which prefaces Auden's latest volume of verse is a recurrent theme both in love poems and in such doggerel where he records:—

"The situation of our time
Surrounds us like a baffling crime."
and marks even repudiation of
"horrible old Kipling" since he settled
America. There is less of
"that roughneck ridicule of overt
sincerity" which in earlier phases,
however adolescent, differentiated him
from some of his contemporaries who
dared not alternate their self-question-
ings with occasional callousness towards
their own symptoms. The central
portion of this book consists of quota-
tions from Kierkegaard, Nietzsche,
Blake, Baudelaire, and Paul Tillich

amongst others, illustrative of Auden's interest in religion and psychology—with his own reflections attached. Some of these reveal a good deal more insight than when he remarks "All anti-intellectual Blood-and-Soil ideologies bear the mark of their origin among unsuccessful intellectuals." Too true, but we expect more than that from Auden. There is much in his latest poems revealing appreciation of an aphorism of Kafka which he has elsewhere quoted, "The chief sin is impatience," evidence of growing pains.

BERNARD CAUSTON.

THE NORTH STAR AND OTHER POEMS, by Laurence Binyon.
Macmillan. 4s.

WAR POEMS, by Lord Dunsany.
Hutchinson. 2s. 6d.

APOLLYON AND OTHER POEMS OF 1940, by George Rostrevor Hamilton.
Heinemann. 3s. 6d.

MY SPIRIT WALKS ALONE, by Hermon Ould. *The Porch, Tring, Herts. 2s. 6d.*

SELECTED POEMS, by Rainer Maria Rilke. Translated by J. B. Leishman. The Hogarth Library Vol. III. *The Hogarth Press. 2s. 6d.*

These first four books by living poets prove that the silver lilies of poetry continue to give their individual loveliness though rooted in the black, unclean bogs of war. Each in its own way offers us the assurance of a star. Mr. Binyon's Muse is one we have learnt to trust and when with him we look to the North Star, though not shrinking from the naked night, we take courage, are steadied and

comforted. We accept his faith when in the next poem he admits :

Yet I cannot prevent
My ignorant heart
From trust that is deeper
Than fear can fathom
Or hope desert.

There is much in this volume to delight his admirers since the Collected Poems were published, poems concerned with the war—the notably beautiful *Airmen from Overseas* reminiscent in its music of *To the Fallen*—experiences from the Far East and in the Mediterranean, impressions of Egypt, Palestine and Greece, lyrics sensitively aware of the English landscape and tradition. His hand has not lost its cunning for he places adjectives with the deftness of a master—"the placeless blue of ether." Fine is the longest poem *Angkor* though perhaps a little too long and in parts overburdened with exuberant imagery of the tropical forest, with the extended theme of Life the Destroyer and Life the Creator where "The Forest burns in the crucible of the Sun." I must add a word of high praise for *Shelley's Pyre*, written for choric and solo speaking which concludes the book.

Lord Dunsany's is a smaller voice, but he is a competent craftsman, musical, magical, and sincere. Nearly all the poems are topical and patriotic and many of them show a deep feeling for the Kentish countryside, coupled with a reassuring certainty about the final issue of the war.

We are not destined for disaster yet,
With all his engines Hitler waits in vain
To bring the long dark ages back again...

There is a noble poem *In Honour of General de Gaulle*, and some of the

sonnets are good, particularly *Harvest Moon* 1940, *The Wanderers Spring*, *The Darkest Hour* and *Invicta*. Finally, this :

One thing I know which Milton never knew
When Satan fell, hurled headlong to the
shade
Of Hell eternal out of Heaven's blue,
I know the screaming wail his pinions made.

Mr. Rostrevor Hamilton writes with impassioned authority from a Christian standpoint. In spite of those classic virtues we now expect from this poet I was somewhat disappointed, for a new didactic note runs through the volume and my appreciation was often brought up sharply by the poet turned preacher. I found this in the title poem and to a lesser extent in *A Dialogue with the Devil*, the latter a much more interesting poem posing the problem of good. But my preference remains for Mr. Rostrevor Hamilton's landscape, sonnet, and epigram, as in *Turning the Hay: Langdale, France*, and *B.E.F. (In Flanders)*.

Outmassed, by none outclassed, these men
fought on,
Threatened by darkness, by no light out-
shone.

Mr. Ould's is a new voice to the present writer and his book is really a single poem giving almost the effect of a sonnet-sequence. The pieces consist alternately of a rhymed poem and a prose poem, his subject the spiritual turmoil born from his sense of the dichotomy and war between flesh and spirit. This theme leads him nearly always "where Truth is one with Dark Despair." He bids his spirit "Scale your Tibetan heights alone." The poem is impregnated with beauty and sincerity and manages to achieve an assurance of its own.

All poetry remains, all music, art; Hamlet eternally reveals his heart and ours. Beethoven through the blackest night proclaims the light; and what poor lover's tears will e'er efface the Winged Victory of Samothrace?

My fifth book, a selection in translation from Rilke, I have left to the end purposely because of Rilke's genius. And Rilke is dead and is not commenting upon the contemporary scene. I can only urge all those who do not read German, and for whom poetry is a necessity to acquire this book somehow and to study Rilke's amazing growth through his successive periods. There is a parallel in Picasso. Sometimes there is a German heaviness—"poetry must be as laborious as sculpture"—but poems such as *Orpheus*, *Eurydice*, *Armes* and *Birth of Venus* are created so that they pulse with life like Rodin's sculpture. *Birth of Venus* appears for the first time in translation.

JOSEPH BRADDOCK.

WITH LOVE AND IRONY, by Lin Yutang. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

Here we have a Chinese Robert Lynd, than which no higher praise can be given to a book of essays. Great things and small if there are any small ones, are treated with charm and wisdom. It is, says the author, somewhat disheartening to reflect that the goldfisher sitting on a branch so peacefully in a sunset has just returned from murder of an innocent minnow and one of the 49 essays in this fascinating book begins with the words: 'I committed a murder after one of the most beautiful and exasperating conversations in my life.' Mr. Lin Yutang happened to be late with one of the articles, which Mrs. Pearl Buck in her introduction tells us have (and we can

well believe it) aroused so much attention all over China and elsewhere, when a gentleman called upon him and as both of them were persons of culture the conversation had to proceed through four movements: Meteorology, History, Politics and finally What the fellow really wants. Great skill was displayed, says Mr. Lin Yutang, in passing from one movement to another, but after most of the morning had been wasted, alas! he could not satisfy his caller's ultimate request and both of them felt like crying that a conversation so well prepared for should after all be a material failure. Talking of failure the author does not see how Japan can conquer the China she has now awakened and united. He says:

When Japan is forced to call off the invasion by face-saving mediation through a third power, this Chinese nationalism will come back to engage in the gigantic task of national rehabilitation. Japan will be so weakened that she will become a second-class power.

For the time being the Japanese appear, he says, to regard the presence of Chinese troops in Peking as decidedly 'provocative,' a language that Hitler would approve of.

And how beautifully the author describes Peking:

It is a jewel city of golden and purple and royal blue roofs, of palaces and pavilions and lakes. It is a jewel set with the purple sides of Western Hills and the blue girdle of the Jade Fountain stream and centuries-old cedars looking down on human beings in the Central Park.

But woe to those whom Mr. Lin Yutang dislikes. From his Hymn to Shanghai we may quote one verse:

Of thy *nouveaux riches*, lost and giddy in the whirlpool of parties and rides, millionaires who order the hotel boys about like lieutenant-colonels and eat their soup with their knives—

and the summing-up :

O thou the safest place in China to live in, where even thy beggars are dishonest.

The wise tolerance of Robert Lynd pervades for instance that essay in which the author says that he is a reasonable nudist just as he is a reasonable vegetarian. There is all the difference, says he, between healthy nudism in the bath-room with the window open if only a few sparrows can look in and nudism which flouts itself before others ; it is the same difference as realizing one's own shortcomings in one's private chamber and confessing a childhood theft ten years ago at an Oxford Group meeting (omitting of course the five-thousand-dollar crooked deal). He is sure that in a world where nudism has become conventionally respectable almost all women will long for a rag to cover up the persistent forgetfulness of their Maker ; and then men will fall in love merely with a brassière or die for the sight of a long petticoat. "I am usually not interested in people's morals" says Mr. Lin Yutang "but this seems the most decent thing I ever wrote."

There is a most amusing account of a visit paid by Bernard Shaw to Shanghai when the local Rotarians had decided to let his visit "pass unnoticed" and what then followed. This essay is delectable. A pithy sketch of Mr. Newman's attire and throughout the book illustrations by Kurt Schwitters add further to one's enjoyment.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

THE YEAR, by Bernard Newman. 9s.

Every one that the Army and Air Force has a mind to be tickled,

coupled with the fact that the official entertainments still left large numbers of men outside their scope, led the authorities rather tardily to try out the experiment of sending lecturers to France early in 1940. Mr. Newman was one of the first of these and half of this book is a lively and interesting account of his experiences. He was well known to the Army as an author of travel and spy stories already and now enthusiastic audiences, in spite of a few apathetic officers here and there, welcomed him as a brilliant lecturer. Those whose privilege it was to follow him will be for ever grateful for all he did to break down the prejudice he found attached to the word "lecture." Where encouragement was lacking he persisted in seeking out his audiences and easily succeeded in pleasing them. France was a country he knew well not only during the last war but in subsequent travels, and this knowledge stood him in good stead in his journey to the ports just ahead of the advancing Hun. His comments on the battle of France are pertinent and accurate.

The second part of the book, a description of a tour of Britain lecturing for the Ministry of Information is often tedious—a monotonous catalogue of the size of audience, kind of audience, size of town, kind of town. Apparently not even a skilful writer like Mr. Newman can make literary bricks without straw and thus the book would have been much improved with judicious compression at this point. But on the whole it still remains an interesting and exciting slice out of a life in which descriptive skill and penetrating observation have played a valuable part.